# YANK

**THE ARMY WEEKLY**

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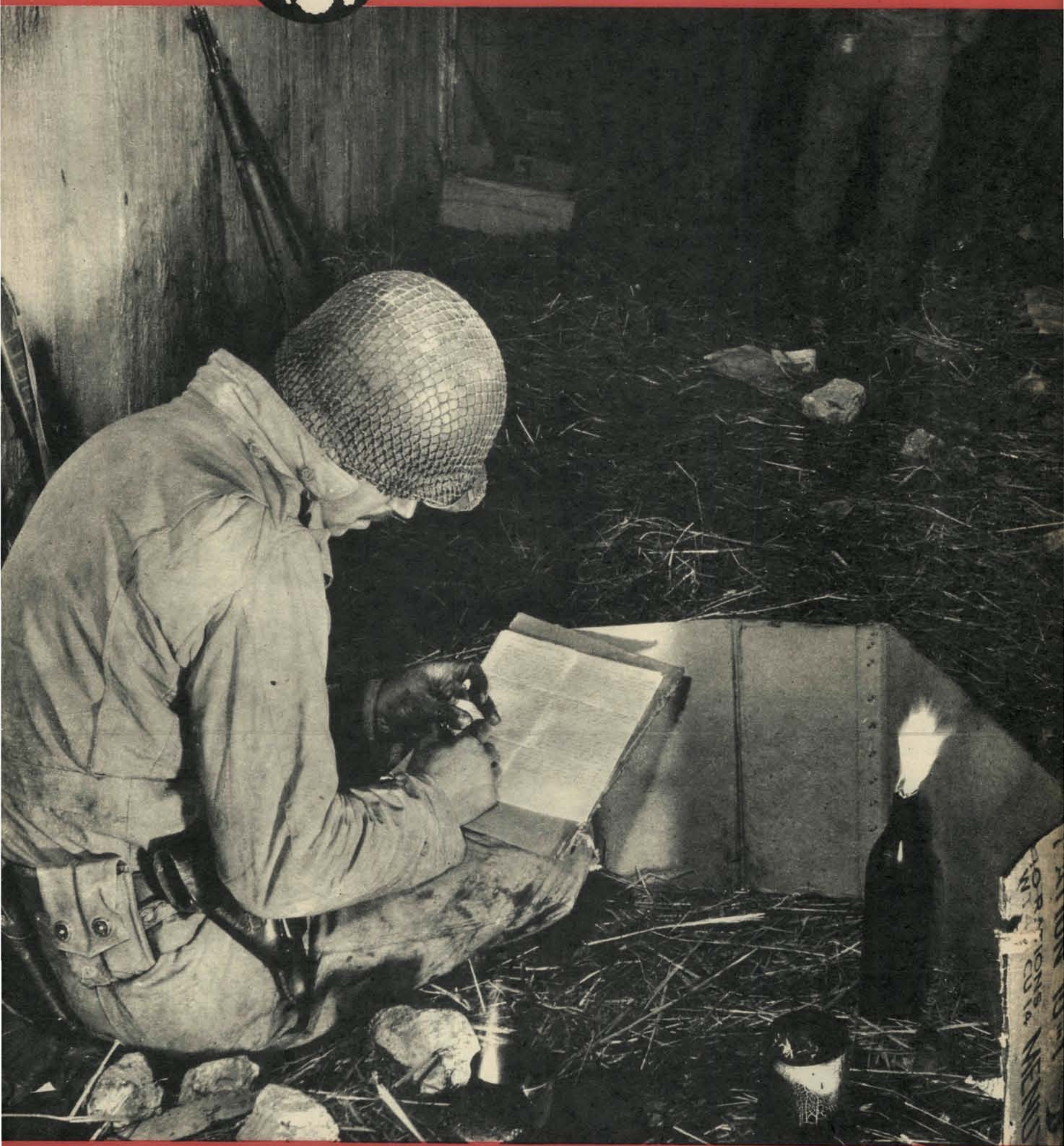
*By the men . . . for the men in the service*




## What You Can Expect of Air Travel After the War

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***A review of Russian strategy and tactics from the defense of home battlelines to the break-through that opened the way to Berlin.***

THE Red Army offensive that began on Jan. 12 was aimed at Berlin and at the shortest possible route to the end of the war in Europe. To get to Berlin, the Russians mounted the greatest land offensive of the war to date.

This Russian offensive was the culmination of a long-range plan that went into action even as the German invasion was spreading past Russia's borders. According to Russian authorities, many U. S. military journals and Allied commentators, on whose opinions this article is based, there have been roughly three phases to this plan: initial retreat, attrition after the Germans were stopped and finally the offensive.

There has been nothing accidental about this plan. It has carried over 3½ years, while the Red Army, to use Prime Minister Churchill's phrase, has been tearing the guts out of the great bulk of the German Army, and while the Russian people have seen their country in flames and some 20 million of their countrymen killed, wounded, missing or tortured. And it has been based on one principle: the complete and final crushing of the German Army.

There are many reasons why the Russians have licked the Germans. The Russians have won because they understood the meaning of fascism and why they could not live in the same world with it; because they understood the meaning of total war; because they had the vital help of allies. They have won also because their generals were smarter, some of their equipment better and their strategy sounder than Hitler's.

According to one Russian school of military thought which dwells primarily on the early phases of the German invasion of Russian soil, the German General Staff simply failed to learn the lessons of the first World War. "The Germans' conception of the difference between the first and second World Wars is very primitive," says a Russian general in *Red Star*, the official publication of the Russian Army. "They held that the first war was exclusively one of position, but that the second was a war of maneuver in which fortified fronts play only a secondary role. They overlooked the fact that a fortified front, and hence fire power, artillery and infantry, would be inherited by the second war. They believed that the decisive factor of this war would be mobile formations alone."

The Germans relied on mobility alone to achieve the results in the East which they had gained in the West in the earlier days of the war. They assumed that their surprise break-through would crack the Russian lines and lead to free maneuver of their tanks in the Russian rear.

The break-through did crack the first lines of defense. But the Red Army learned to retreat before the fury of the blitz and let it spend itself. The Red Army bled the advancing Germans with guerrilla warfare and local counterattacks and uncovered the now-famous Russian artillery. It stopped the Germans at Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad, and forced them to resort to what they had tried to avoid—positional warfare along a wide front.

When the Red Army assumed the offensive, the Germans had to fortify this front. They were forced to relearn the positional lessons of the first World War the hard way. The positions that the Red Army cracked from Stalingrad to Breslau have been very well fortified. For example, in a mile-long sector of the East Prussian front, the Germans had built 18 pillboxes with iron and concrete walls from six to nine feet thick. One of the pillboxes was three stories high and had a garrison of 69 men. Consider this in terms of the 2,000-mile length of the front and its width, which stretched from the Caucasus to Germany itself. An outstanding Red Army achievement was to smash this front from top to bottom. "This," says the general in *Red Star*, "is a strategical, not tactical, achievement."

THE Russians' strategy was based on a long war. They realized that they were up against a striking force of unprecedented power, with the wealth and slave labor of Europe behind it. Their plan was not only to absorb this force in the great expanse of their country, but to stop it at three decisive spots. These spots were Leningrad, to prevent the Germans from breaking through and cutting off the outside world from the north; Moscow, the heart of the Soviet Union; and Stalingrad, from which the Germans could have cut south to reach vital oil and north to outflank the Moscow they couldn't take by frontal assault.

The Red Army stopped the Germans at each of these places, and the defeat of the Sixth German Army Group before Stalingrad is generally considered the turning point of the war.

The Russian tactics were based on three principles: break-through, encirclement and envelopment. These are not particularly original military principles, but they pay off. In the 1944 summer offensive alone, the Red Army broke through the German defenses from Vitebsk to the Black Sea; before they stopped they had encircled 10 Nazi divisions at Vitebsk and Bobruisk, 10 divisions at Kishinev in Rumania, 30 divisions in Latvia and some 100,000 men in Budapest.

As the Red Army has grown stronger, these tactics have been consummated on a larger and larger scale. Where they were breaking through on a localized front two years ago, they are breaking through along an entire front today, enveloping whole provinces such as East Prussia and outflanking entire defense systems, as they did to the German defense system in Poland by

A crew of Red Army trench mortar men sends supporting fire ahead of the infantry advancing in front of them.

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their drive through the Balkans to Budapest.

It is important to remember the largeness of Red Army conceptions and the scale on which they maneuver. For example, German propaganda made much of the fact last winter that the Russians had stopped before Warsaw for political reasons. But during the period that the Germans claimed the Red Army was "stalling" in Poland, it was clearing its flanks by trapping the German divisions in the Baltic States, preparing the 1,600-square-mile bridgehead on the Vistula from which their present offensive jumped off and conducting a major campaign in the Balkans that engaged an estimated 70 German divisions in that area alone.

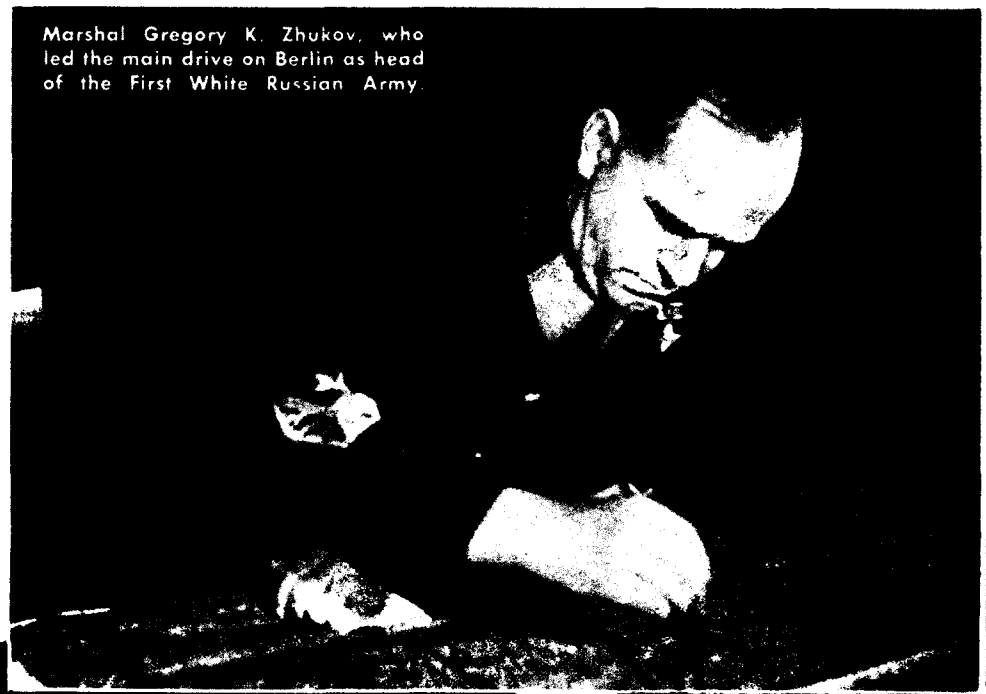
The pause of the Red Army in central Poland was an operational pause that was part of the general Soviet strategy. The success of the present offensive is proof of how sound that strategy has been. It took the Red Army time to prepare for this offensive as it took us time to prepare for our Normandy landings; the preparation seems to have been worth the time consumed.

It is an elementary truism that an offensive should pick up speed as it goes along. This means that an artillery and supply system must be prepared to be as mobile as the attacking force. When a Russian offensive hits, it hits hard and fast and keeps on going. As a rule, the Red Army usually cracks the enemy's tactical defenses during the first two days of any major operation.

At Stalingrad, the German lines were breached in the first day; on the fifth day Soviet forces had gone 120 kilometers and surrounded the main German forces. At Orel, the German line was cracked the first day, and the Russians had gone 100 kilometers by the seventh day. In the summer of 1944, the German defenses in White Russia were broken during the first two days of the offensive; on the fifteenth day the Red Army had gone 400 kilometers. In Rumania, the Red Army encircled Gen. von Kleist's army group in six days. The Red Army broke the entire German defense system in Poland in four days.

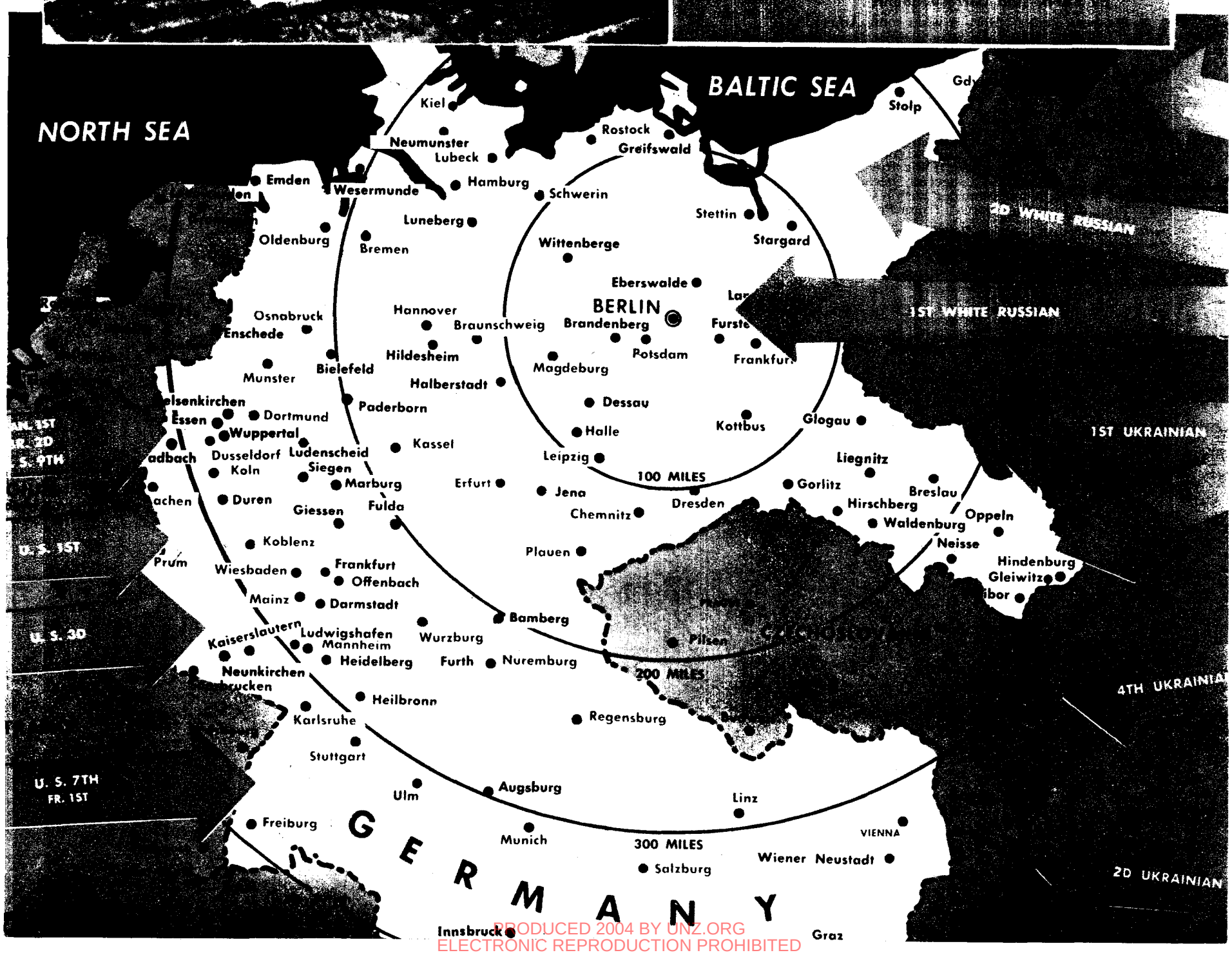
There are several factors behind these swift advances. There is always an extremely thorough preparation, relying a great deal on reconnaissance in force. The Russians also depend a good deal on guerrilla aid.

Then there is terrific artillery concentration



Marshal Gregory K. Zhukov, who led the main drive on Berlin as head of the First White Russian Army.

# The Red Blitz

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before the attack, and when the Russians say terrific they mean exactly that. They claim to have stacked their artillery 500 guns to the kilometer, and they really work over an area. A battery of Katusha rocket-mortars is said to cover one square kilometer in one minute, destroying everything in that area. Another Russian claim is that their new Stalin tank carries a gun equivalent to that carried by a light cruiser, which can knock out any German tank at long distances. The Russians also say the Germans have not yet developed either tank armor or permanent fortifications that can stand up before the new Soviet self-propelled gun.

The principle of the Soviet artillery offensive provides for constant artillery support of infantry and tanks, from the beginning to the end of their advance. Soviet infantry advances no more than 100 yards behind its artillery barrage during an attack. At times they take losses from their own fire; they estimate they incur fewer losses that way than if they allow the enemy troops even a few minutes to get back in their foxholes.

The Russians make a special point of mobile artillery. They say their artillery often accompanies the infantry into an attack. The Russian method of attacking fortified cities employs special shock troops and mobile artillery that methodically take a city street by street rather than shelling or bombing the hell out of it and then having to fight through the rubble.

Soviet attacks are usually not concentrated in just one sector. "They are made on wide fronts of from 300 to 500 kilometers," says a colonel in *Red Star*. "They are made in several directions simultaneously. This prevents the enemy from concentrating his attention and compels him to spread his reserves."

There is immediate exploitation of the breakthrough by cavalry and motorized units. Every single large-scale operation on the Russian-German front, according to the U. S. *Cavalry Journal*, has been with the aid of cavalry. Russian cavalry works in close cooperation with tanks and planes, and even carries its own ack-ack.

There is also very close support between Soviet infantry and planes. The Russians do not go in for strategic bombing but concentrate on low-flying fighter-bombers. These planes stick as close as 30 feet to the ground, with top cover supplied by other fighters. The Russians say that their Stormovik rocket-firing attack plane is the best there is for that type of work.

In 3½ years of war, the Soviet Air Force has claimed over 60,000 German planes, of which 80 percent were claimed in air combat. They say that four of the six German air fleets have been in continuous action on the Eastern front.

ALL this means that the Red Army, whose homeland has been laid waste by the most terrible devastation of our common war, is today the chief exponent of blitzkrieg. What is happening in the East today is pure and simple blitz, retracing in reverse the German attempts in 1940 and 1941.

Marshal Stalin has stated publicly that the Red Army could not have accomplished this without Allied help. The Russians have had that help and made good use of it to accomplish their blitzkrieg-in-reverse. They have killed more Germans, but they have lost more men in killing them, than any other army.

The Russians mounted this offensive to get to Berlin. As Russian infantrymen moved through Poland they set up crude, hand-lettered signs where they passed. The signs read: "THIS WAY TO BERLIN—THE ROAD TO HITLER'S NEST."

## WHAT GIs IN THE ETO SAY ABOUT THE RED ARMY OFFENSIVE

**By YANK Staff Correspondents**

WESTERN FRONT—Here is what some American GIs who have seen combat have to say about the phenomenal Soviet advances on the Eastern Front:

**T-5 J. S. Patti** of Halethorpe, Md., an ack-ack man: "Everybody is tickled pink by the Red offensive. It will take a lot off of us. It's a good deal. Anything to get the war over faster is."

**T-5 Salvino D. Juliano** of Brooklyn, N. Y., a Quartermaster truck driver: "If the Russian objective is Berlin, it won't succeed, because the Germans will fight much harder within Germany than they did in the retreat from Poland and Hungary. Personally, I don't think this drive will hit Berlin as I think it's aimed more for where they're fighting now in East Prussia and Silesia. So much German industry has been moved there from western Germany since we started to bomb it. That's what the Russians are trying to knock out. But they've got some tough fighting ahead of them. We had easy going and things looked rosy until we reached the German border. Once an offensive starts, it takes time for the defensive army to re-form. It took us a good two weeks to re-form the right way after the Germans hit us in the Ardennes, and then we shuffled them back. The Germans may do the same thing to the Russians, but I don't think the Germans will use the Russians' scorched-earth policy, as they have no place to move back to. They have to fight to hold what they have now. They can't afford to retreat into western Germany."

**T-5 Ben Gondoeski** of Ohio, a salvage company electrician: "I'm not getting optimistic yet. We thought after we'd raced through France and hit the German border that we'd get to Berlin in a month. But we didn't. I figure the Russians might get held up along the way like we did. Germany is still strong and they're concentrating everything they have now, which makes them still stronger. But I hope I'm wrong on all this."

**Pfc. Bob Van Slyke** of Laurel, Nebr., a Ninth Army infantryman: "The way they're going is wonderful."

**T/Sgt. Bob Doty** of Spokane, Wash., a Ninth Air Force L-5 courier-plane pilot: "This may well be the closing phase of the war over here. However, you never know what the Germans have left. Anyway, the Russian offensive is very good for the morale of our own men."

**T/Sgt. Oliver Kutscher** of New Philadelphia, Ohio, of the 7th Division: "I think the Russians will go on through. This is their weather. The Germans weakened themselves by the bulge battle. I think the Russians will beat us to Berlin and I'm not a damn bit jealous about it."

**Pvt. Early Gargile** of Kansas City, Mo., with a Chemical Warfare company: "I'd like to see the Russians get to Berlin before we do. They know how to handle Nazis. The Americans and British would be too easy on the Germans, but the Russians will give them the same dose they gave the Russians three years ago. The quicker the Russians get into Germany, the quicker the Germans will give up, because then they'll know themselves that they've had it."

**T-4 Frank Mangieri** of New York City, an ordnanceman: "Most of the fellows in my outfit think the Russians will reach Berlin, but I don't think it will end the war. I think the Germans will fight until they are beaten to their knees."

**Pfc. Edward Fraun** of Olean, N. Y., with a Chemical Warfare company: "I think they're going right through to Berlin. This is Russian fighting weather—very cold and plenty of snow. They'll beat us into Berlin sure."

**Pfc. Albert Rucki** of Irvington, N. J., a medic with the 2d Armored Division: "I hope they keep it up. They're really giving us something to look forward to, because if they keep going like they have been, we might be home for Easter."

THE average GI is showing a great interest in the Soviet campaign. Soldiers ask correspondents how the Russians are doing. GI optimism about a return to the States, which hit a new low during the Ardennes campaign, is rising rapidly, and everybody is talking about the discharge Point System, which was almost an unheard-of thing during the last month.

Nobody is griping because the Russians look like odds-on favorites to beat us to Berlin.

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Yanks in Germany show their excitement over the news of the Russian drive.

Red Army men stand on the turret of a new Stalin tank as it fords a river.

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# GI Questions from GIs

***What soldiers want to know is how their Bill of Rights works. YANK untangles some problems stated in letters to the editor.***

SINCE the passage last summer of the GI Bill of Rights (Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944) YANK has been flooded with mail from GIs seeking information about the benefits the law gives them. Until very recently, it wasn't possible to answer some of the questions because the regulations covering many phases of the law hadn't been issued by the Veterans' Administration. Now, however, all parts of the law have been cleared up, and here are the answers to the types of questions most frequently raised by YANK readers.

## General

I hear tell that only those GIs who have more than two years of service under their belts can get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Is that correct?

■ No, it is not. In order to qualify for any of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights, you need only 90 days of service. In fact, if you are discharged for a service-connected disability, you do not even have to meet this requirement of the law.

I was court-martialed for being AWOL for seven days and got three months in the guardhouse. Now I am told that my court-martial record will get me a blue (without honor) discharge when I get out of the Army. Does that mean I cannot get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It does not. Even if you should get a blue discharge, you will be eligible for the benefits of the law. Only those who receive dishonorable (yellow) discharges are out of luck under the GI Bill of Rights.

## Education

I have read a number of articles about the free schooling granted under the GI Bill of Rights and I must admit I am completely confused. One writer says that men over 25 are not eligible for the free schooling, while another says all GIs regardless of their age can get at least one year of free schooling. Who is right?

■ The one who states that all GIs can get at least one full year of free schooling is correct. Only GIs who do not meet the 90-day qualifying provision or who are dishonorably discharged are out of luck on the free schooling.

I was just 19 when I was inducted and have now been in service three years. How much free schooling am I entitled to?

■ You are entitled to a full four-year course of study at Government expense. You get one year of school by meeting the 90-day-service qualification and in addition, because you were under 25 when you joined up, you get added periods of free schooling measured by your length of service. The Veterans' Administration has ruled that for each month of service a GI can get a calendar month of schooling. Since the average school year is made up of nine calendar months, 27 months of service will get you three years of schooling. That, plus the one year previously mentioned, gives you a total of four years of schooling. Since four years is the maximum, the rest of your service time does not count toward free schooling.

I own a farm, and when I get out of service I'd like to take advantage of both the educational and the farm-loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Will I be permitted to go to school and borrow money for new equipment for the farm?

■ You probably will. A veteran may take advantage of more than one provision of the GI Bill of Rights at a time. If you can convince your bank that you can attend school and run your farm at the same time, you should have no trouble swinging the loan to buy the new equipment.

I have a wife and three children. When I get out, I'd like to take advantage of the free schooling. How much will I receive for subsistence while attending school?

■ You will get $75 a month while attending school. Every GI who attends school full time will get $50 a month. Those with dependents get $25 a month in addition. The number of dependents doesn't matter, since the maximum amount paid is $75.

Before I entered the Army I was studying advertising. Now that I am older, I can see that this was a mistake and that I am best fitted for research in chemistry. Can I switch over to chemistry or must I continue the course I was studying before I entered the Army?

■ You can study anything you want. Under the GI Bill of Rights a veteran can go to any approved school or college and study anything he likes.

## Loans

I know all about the free schooling I can get via the GI Bill of Rights, but what I'd like to know is what does the law do for the guy who does not want to go to school?

■ Plenty. The GI Bill of Rights also provides for loan guarantees of up to 50 percent of a $4,000 loan for homes, farms or businesses. In addition, the law provides unemployment protection to the tune of $20 a week for up to 52 weeks of unemployment.

I have been told that any cash benefits under the GI Bill of Rights will be taken out of any future bonus that may be voted. Is this true?

■ It is. The law states that any benefits derived under the GI Bill of Rights shall be deducted from any future bonus. For example, if you get a loan guaranteed under the law, any bonus money you may be entitled to will be used to reduce the amount of the loan still unpaid at the time the bonus is passed. If any bonus money is left after that, you will get the remainder in cash.

My wife and I are both in service. Can we each get a loan guaranteed under the GI Bill of Rights to be used in buying a house?

■ You can. Each of you will be treated as an individual veteran. If you are both able to swing loans from your bank, you should get the loans guaranteed from the VA.

Some of the boys tell me that the Government pays all the interest on the loans we get under the GI Bill of Rights. Are they right?

■ No, they are not. During the first year of the loan the Veterans' Administration will pay the interest on that part of the loan which it has guaranteed. Thus, if you get a $4,000 loan, the VA will pay the interest on $2,000 or $80 (at 4 percent, the maximum rate you may pay). You will have to pay the rest of the interest yourself.

When I get out, I'd like to buy a farm and turn it over to a tenant to run. Meanwhile I want to go back to my own business and let the tenant run the farm for me. Will I be able to get a farm-loan guarantee if I do that?

■ You will not. A veteran can get a farm loan guaranteed only if he personally directs and operates the farm. You can, of course, hire all the help you need, but you will not be permitted to operate the farm through someone else.

I own a farm which my younger brother and sister have been running in my absence. They tell me that local taxes have been accumulating at a fast clip. Will I be permitted to borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights to pay off the taxes?

■ You will. You may get either a farm loan or a home loan and use the money to pay off taxes on your property. The same thing applies to taxes on a town or city home owned by a GI.

I already own a home and I know that while I have been in service it has been going to pot. One thing I will need when I get back is a new oil burner. Will a loan for an oil burner be approved under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It will. The general rule is that any alteration or addition to your home which becomes a part of the real estate is OK for a loan guarantee.

## Employment

When I am discharged I expect to go into a business of my own. If the business does not succeed, will I be able to get any money under the unemployment provisions of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ If your business folds up and you are not earning any money, you will get $20 a week. Should your business fall off so that you earn less than $100 during any calendar month you will get the difference between what you earn and $100. This difference will be paid only for a maximum of 52 weeks.

I have now been in service for four months. If I were to be discharged right now, how many weeks of unemployment insurance (compensation) could I get if I were out of work?

■ A total of 28 weeks of unemployment pay. You get eight weeks' credit for each of the first three months of your service and four additional weeks for each month thereafter. The maximum any veteran can get is 52 weeks.

I have been told that in order to get unemployment pay allowed under the GI Bill of Rights, I must be willing to take a job even if it is in a factory where there is a strike. Is that right?

■ It is not. You do not have to accept a job which is available directly as a result of a strike, lock-out or other labor dispute. Your refusal to accept such a job will not affect your right to the unemployment pay.



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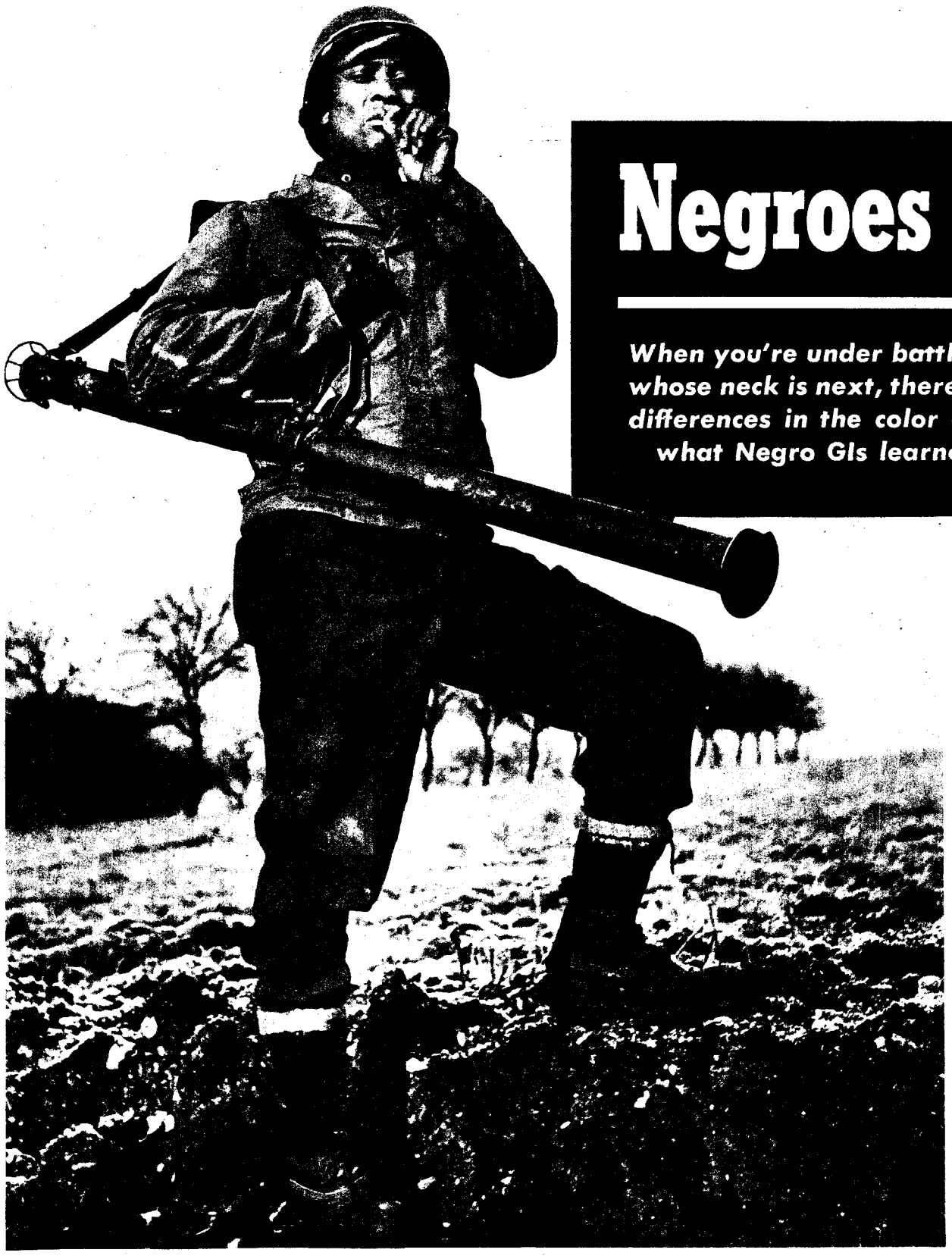
# Negroes in Combat

***When you're under battle conditions and it's a toss-up whose neck is next, there isn't any worrying about the differences in the color of your skins; at least that's what Negro GIs learned on two European fronts.***



**Pvt. Charlie Rattler of Jefferson, Tex., a fighter on the Western Front, strikes a pose with his bazooka.**

## In France

**By Sgt. RALPH MARTIN**
**Stars & Stripes Correspondent**

WITH THE SEVENTH ARMY, WESTERN FRONT—The generals had some medals to hand out, but not all of the guys could come. Some of them were still up in front digging in their three-inch guns, some of them were in the hospital, some of them were dead.

The six who were there stood stiffly at attention in their war-dirtied combat suits, their tired faces drained of feeling, their eyes staring straight ahead. The general was telling them why they were getting the medals.

They knew why. You don't forget things like Climbach.

Because you had to be crazy to move in on Climbach—everybody said so. You just don't try to position your guns in a flat valley when you've got big Kraut guns sitting smuggly on two rugged ridges flanking the town 300 yards away, and when you've got Nazi 88-gunners parked on the town's high ground right next to some Mark IV tanks, and when you've got the nearby woods lousy with mortars and machine-gun nests—and all of it, the whole German artillery book, zeroed in on a single road, waiting for you to come out so the Germans can start pulling lanyards.

But somebody had to do it. In this 103d Division sector, Climbach was the last Nazi strongpoint before the Siegfried Line. And the Nazis told everybody they liked Climbach; they planned to stay there for the winter.

So the 103d Division created Task Force Blackshear, consisting of a platoon of Engineers, a company of Infantry from the 411th Regiment, seven medium tanks and a platoon of towed three-inch TDs from the 614th. The tactic was for the TD platoon of four guns to keep all the German batteries occupied while the Infantry infiltrated into the town around the flanks.

Leading the task-force column through the woods was the CO of C Company of the TDs. He wasn't supposed to be there; he just wanted to be. Somebody said it was because he was self-conscious about being a Negro. But somebody else said it was just because he was that kind of a guy; because he had lots of guts.

It wasn't long before some of his guts were spilling into the sticky mud near the thin road. Not only did his vehicle run over a mine but it also got smacked square by an 88. Then a machine gun opened up on him. When his executive officer raced through this shellfire to evacuate him minutes later, he was still alive, somehow.

Down in the valley, the medics were soon just as busy as the gun crews.

Ten-man crews can't last long when they're sitting in an open field getting so much fire that nobody knows what's coming from where.

They didn't last.

Less than an hour later, single soldiers were doing full crews' work — loading, aiming, firing and then racing back to a half-track to hop behind a .50-caliber to cut down Krauts trying to sneak through the woods. One of those single soldiers was Platoon Sgt. William Tabron. (He got the Bronze Star.) Tabron kept going until a tank shell knocked out his gun. It wasn't until the next morning that he noticed his foot had been bloodied by shrapnel.

But Tabron was lucky; he's still alive.

Maybe 30 minutes later (nobody looks at his watch during a battle), there was only one gun still shooting. It was 75 yards from three other knocked-out guns, and the Krauts couldn't seem to get at it because it was in a slight draw. Shells kept plopping all around it, just missing. One near-miss blew up a half-track 25 yards away.

It was hot and close, and everybody kept wondering how much longer—who would be next? Still sweating it out was the gun commander, Sgt. Dillard Booker from the Bronx, N. Y. So was his CO, 1st Lt. Thomas Mitchell, and so were a couple of other boys. (Booker got the Bronze Star and Mitchell the Silver Star.) Mitchell was racing around as fast as he did when he broke the Alabama track record for the quarter-mile dash back in his days as a college athlete. He was helping shoot guns, evacuating wounded, pointing out enemy gun positions.

Somehow (call it a mild miracle if you wish), this three-inch-gun crew kept shooting. They silenced two loud-barking tanks at the town's outskirts. Then they picked up a muzzle blast from a camouflaged house and threw in three rounds of HE until the gun stopped firing. Before the three other guns were knocked out, they had accounted for some 88s and had swept the woods fairly clean of German MG and mortar positions. But there was still plenty of small-arms fire, coming much too close.

Then the TD boys ran out of ammo.

"We felt stark, stripped naked," said Booker. "We figured this was it."

But it wasn't. The tanks were still hopelessly mired in the mud, too far in the rear to do any good, but three BAR boys from the Infantry company volunteered to come up and act as flank security for the gun. (Two were soon casualties). The crew flattened out and popped away with their M1s and carbines into the sniper-filled woods. They killed lots of Krauts in this interval.

Meanwhile T-5 Robert Harris of Kansas City was getting ready to move out his ammo truck and head toward the front in a hurry. He was waved down by the task-force commander.

"You can't go up there right now," said the colonel. "The artillery fire is too heavy."

When a colonel talks like that to a corporal there usually is no room for argument. But T-5 Harris didn't argue; he didn't have time. He just yelled: "Get the hell out of my way. I'm taking this up to my buddies." (The colonel laughs when he tells the story now.)

Driving straight through shellfire, Harris got his truck within 25 yards of Booker's gun before it bogged down in gooey mud. Then Harris, soon joined by others, made trip after trip lugging 54-pound ammo boxes to the gun position.

By dusk, all anyone could hear was the splattering of small-arms fire within the town itself. The stiffest fighting the doughfeet had was in the graveyard where the Germans had dug themselves in. When the short pitched battle was over the Germans were still in the graveyard, now waiting to be covered up.

If you asked the doughfeet about it, they'd tell you the TDs deserve credit for taking the town.

If you asked the TD's 3d Platoon, they tell you that they had more than 50 percent casualties,



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lost three guns, two half-tracks, an armored car and two jeeps.

If you asked the 614th TD Battalion CO, Lt. Col. Frank Pritchard of Lansing, Mich., he'd tell you, "If you only knew how goddam proud I am of my boys." He was one of six white officers—all the rest were Negroes. In the last war, Pritchard was a buck sergeant.

They're all proud of the 614th, from the division CG down. The division CG is supposed to have said he'd fight like hell if anyone tried to take the 614th TD away from him.

THIS isn't just words. And it isn't just top brass. Hitler would have a hemorrhage if he could see the white boys of the 411th Infantry bull-sessioning, going out on mixed patrols, sleeping in the same bombed building, sweating out the same chow line with Negro GIs.

And the white boys of the 411th are mostly Southern boys.

The Negroes come from the South, too. Not only that, but the C Company CO, 1st Lt. Walter Smith, will be the first to tell you that his boys aren't specially picked as in some outfits, that most of them are uneducated farmhands from North Carolina.

He'll tell you, too, that a few of his boys are trouble-making screw-ups who drink too much, that lots of his boys were almost scared into constipation during their first baptism of shellfire when they fought in Germany alongside the 3d Cavalry Group. In other words, he'll tell you that his outfit is just like any other outfit. He's got a small percentage who were never meant to be soldiers, but most of the boys are good boys—and good soldiers, with plenty of guts.

"You get used to war," he said slowly. "You get used to everything."

He was no longer talking about Climbach and Germany; he was talking about back in Cherbourg. He was remembering all those Negro port-battalion boys who came to him and begged to be transferred into a fighting outfit. They were willing to take busts—anything. They didn't want to hear any more white soldiers ask why there weren't more Negro troops in the front lines.

"I thought every soldier knew that it's up to the Army to decide who goes where," said Smith.

"Maybe if people just didn't worry about us being something special." He was groping for words. "Maybe if somebody could come up here and see how we've been fighting and killing and dying, how it doesn't seem to matter a damn what your color is——."

Smith broke off quickly. There was a short, strained silence, and then he laughed. It was a warm, rich laugh. He remembered something that had happened only last week when the outfit was moving toward the front. He had noticed quite a liberal sprinkling of white soldiers in several of the trucks and asked the first sergeant if they were hitchhikers.

"No, sir," said the sergeant. "They're part of our gun crews."

After he finished the story, the lieutenant sat there quietly for a minute, with a wonderful wide smile on his face.

"You know," he said, "maybe we're just a bunch of battle virgins compared with some outfits, but we've sure been learning a hell of a lot of things about people."

## In Italy

**By Sgt. AUGUST LOEB**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

WITH THE 5TH ARMY, ITALY — Cpl. Charles Orrett, a 33-year-old artillery scout who describes his pre-service profession as "operator of duck and dodge games," ducked and dodged three German shells that hit his battery. There was a fourth shell he didn't see. That one got him in the lung and back.

After 30 days in a hospital in Leghorn, Cpl. Orrett had a choice of being reclassified or of going back to his old outfit. "That was easy to decide," he said. "My outfit is a Field Artillery battalion of the 92d Division, and I couldn't do better. I know what I'm talking about because I came to the 92d from another outfit. I've felt like a different man since I got into the 92d."

Orrett's outfit is the only division in Europe whose ranks are made up entirely of Negroes. Its Black Buffalo shoulder patch is envied by hundreds of other Negroes in other units. It was worn by the 92d Division of the first World War, also a Negro unit. Everybody else in the 92d agrees that Cpl. Orrett made the right decision back in that Leghorn hospital.

Pvt. Charles Bowden of Rocky Mount, N. C., a wireman in the same battalion, is one of the men who agrees. He and Orrett and most of their friends have been with the battalion since it was activated in November 1942 at Camp Breckinridge, Ky. He went to Arkansas and Arizona, and then on Louisiana maneuvers, and finally to Italy as part of the complete 92d Division under command of Maj. Gen. Edward M. Almond.

In Italy, Lt. Gen. Mark Clark pins a Combat Infantryman Badge on Sgt. Nolan J. Reed of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Fifth Army's 92d Division.

"Our training back home was rough," said Bowden, "but now we know why. On this front a man must be in top shape. He's no good if he limps around. There's no way to catch a ride up here, and you might have to march 25 miles. If you've done it back home, it's a little easier here."

Bowden ought to know what he's talking about because, according to Orrett and others, he has one of the riskiest jobs in the battalion—stringing wire under the eyes of the Germans. He has been out with forward observation parties several times and has stayed so long everybody felt certain he had been captured. He always came back though, guided, his friends think, by the smell of S/Sgt. Ezekiel Butt's cookery.

Cpl. B. C. McClain, a gunner from St. Louis, Mo., is another man who now knows the value of the endless drill they put him through back in the States. He now thinks automatically in the once-terrifying metric system. Sgt. Maurice Walker, a 23-year-old radio operator from Washington, D. C., said something in praise of the outfit's fire direction. McClain agreed and added: "And we can get ready to fire in 15 minutes or less."

Walker said he thought the outfit had been very lucky in getting the officers it did. "I think I speak for most of the men in saying that it doesn't matter to us whether the officers are white or Negro," he said. "Color means nothing at the front. Everybody has a rough life, and that does a lot to bring the men together. The important thing is not what color an officer is but whether he knows his job. If he does, he'll get the respect of his men. Most of our officers are regular."

The proportion of Negro officers in the 92d has been rising steadily. When Gen. Almond took command of the division all the officers were white. Now two-thirds are Negroes. There are three Negro lieutenant colonels, two of them in command of all-Negro Field Artillery battalions and the third the division chaplain.

The outfit's white CO, Lt. Col. Robert C. Ross of New York City, came in for a great deal of praise. Sgt. Walker said whether an officer came from the North or from the South has nothing to do with his effectiveness. The others agreed with him and mentioned Lt. Bradley of Mississippi, Lt. Kibbie of North Carolina and Lt. Davidson of Georgia as some of the Southern officers who have the respect of the men.

"The front," said Walker, "is a great leveling force. There's a great deal more actual democracy up there than in garrisons back in the States, where people have time to get into arguments about things like the seating arrangements on busses."

McClain frowned at the mention of busses. "I was on one in Alexandria, La., coming back from a furlough," he said. "There were no seats in the back part that was reserved for colored people, and two white soldiers up front made room for me. When I sat down, the driver stopped the bus and told me to go to the back. I couldn't squeeze through the crowd, but that made no difference; the driver thought it was something to argue about."

Cpl. Orrett compared his treatment at the Leghorn hospital with the situation at Fort Eustis, Va. "I was born in Toronto, of West Indian parents," he said, "and spent my early life in Jamaica, in the British West Indies. Then I went to New York with my parents and went to school and worked there. I never knew what discrimination meant until I went to Fort Eustis, where there were three big post movies, one for colored soldiers and two for white and colored. After the few rows reserved for us in the two mixed theaters were filled we couldn't get in.

"When I was being treated for my wounds in Leghorn, there was no such thing as white and colored. Everybody was alike. Fighting together and suffering together brings people closer. I think most people are too pessimistic about race relations after the war. The white American soldier has learned what artificial barriers of any sort mean and will be just as determined as the colored soldier to do away with them later. Of course, the demagogues may try to stir things up, but I don't think they'll get very far with the veterans of this war. The veterans will be smarter than the demagogues think."

MOST of the men have thought about what the future will bring them and how such plans as the GI Bill of Rights will affect them. "After the war," said Sgt. Walker, "I'd like to take an advanced course in radio under the Bill. I'd stand more of a chance then of getting a good job. I'd say that most of the men in this outfit are interested in learning a trade, so they won't be thrown on the unskilled labor market for sale to the lowest bidder."

Cpl. Orrett, with a wife, an 11-year-old son and an 8-year-old daughter back in Harlem, has similar plans. He wants to study and become a radio repairman in Harlem, where "everybody knows me, including the people who lost."

Orrett was talking about his days as a policy collector. "It was so lucrative, so bright, so enticing," he said, sighing, "that I never thought much about making an honest living. It was an easy life—sometimes $80 a day for doing nothing."

The men in the outfit have had privileges in Italy they never had back in the States. But that hasn't lessened their feeling of homesickness.

"It isn't just wanting to get back to our families," said Cpl. Orrett. "It's because we feel more than ever that the U.S.A. is the best place in the world for us to live."

### This Week's Cover

DOWN in the concrete tunnel of a fort captured from the Germans on the Western Front, Pvt. William J. Hagan of Carthage, Mo., writes a letter to his girl. Sitting here on a straw-covered floor and writing with a light shielded by a ration box his thoughts carry him far from this foreign winter.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 2—Sovfoto. 3—Artkino. 4—Acme. 5—Signal Corps. 6—Sgt. Pat Coffey. 7—INP. 10—Sgt. John Frano. 11—S/Sgt. Warren A. Boecklen. 12 & 13—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 18—Upper left, AAFRS, Richmond, Va.; upper right, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; center right, USMSTS, Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.; lower right, Eagle Pass AAF, Tex. 19—Left, Signal Corps, Camp Butner, N. C.; upper right, Signal Corps, Fort McPherson, Ga. 20—Michael Levelle. 23—Upper, PA; lower, U. S. Navy.



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By Pfc. IRA HENRY FREEMAN
YANK Staff Writer

The DC-6 liner, similar to the Army's C-54, is expected to be one of the principal passenger planes right after the war ends.

# The aviation industry promises a New York-to-London trip in 12 hours to cost the passengers only 4 cents a mile.

YOU'VE just finished dinner in the airport restaurant at New York when the last call for passengers on the 8 P.M. London express comes over the PA. As you walk through the bustling administration building, you recall that every 45 seconds there's a transport leaving or landing at this big field.

The four-engine, double-decked plane you go aboard is far larger than the transports the Army used during the war; it takes a crew of 11 to run her. About 100 passengers get on—some in the day coach with you, the rest in the sleeper cabin, which has Pullman-type berths.

After your ship has left the two-mile runway, you're surprised by the lack of vibration and noise. You stop a cute stewardess and ask how high the plane is. Twenty thousand feet, she says. Your ears are not ringing; you have no trouble breathing, no distress when you move. That's because the cabin is pressurized to the atmosphere of 8,000 feet, she tells you; at 8,000 it was pressurized to sea level.

Time doesn't drag. You find a fellow-traveling slick chick and buy her a drink in the lounge on the lower deck. Toward midnight there's a brief refueling stop at Botwood, Newfoundland. Then you let your soft, reclining chair way back and fall asleep, while the transport runs down its easting at 300 mph.

Up in the substratosphere, sunlight in your eyes wakes you very early. The crowded washroom reminds you of a Pullman. Later, while you are eating breakfast from a tray the stewardess has brought, the plane sits down for a quick call at Foynes, Eire. In about an hour and a half, dark forest patches give way to buildings; an occasional ribbon of road to a web of highways. Someone says that the smoke-fog cloud there hides London.

When you quit the plane at Croydon for the bus into London, you are just 12 hours out of New York, although the time difference makes it 1 P.M. in Britain. Only half a day of your two-week vacation has been lost in traveling. Your ticket cost $148, or $266 round-trip.

All this and Paris, too—only 45 minutes and four bucks farther on.

THAT is no Buck Rogers vision of the next generation. It is a composite preview of what the American aviation industry and public agencies are seriously preparing for immediately after the war—as early as 1946 if the Government permits, whether Japan is finished off by then or not.

The giant planes to make possible this cannonball service across oceans and continents are already designed; 225, costing a total of $160 million, are contracted for. The manufacturers say that if the Government thought it wise to release materials, they could get the first new airliners ready by next summer.

Construction of Idlewild Airport, larger than any existing field and No. 1 of a string capable of handling the mammoth ships, has been started in New York. Tables of long-distance passenger fares, not much above pre-war tourist steamship rates, have already been submitted to the Federal Government for approval.

Like a lot of other things, development of air transportation has been both hindered and helped by the war. In pre-war days, there were 358 transports on domestic routes, with 18 companies competing over perhaps 31,000 miles of scheduled flights. In the foreign service, there was only one American company, Pan American Airways, the world's largest, with 100 planes assigned to 98,000 route-miles in 56 countries.

In 1941 the leading airlines were ordering larger planes and planning extensions of service, faster travel and cheaper rates. The attack on Pearl Harbor knocked all their plans into a steel hat. The Army and Navy transport services grabbed hundreds of planes from commercial lines and ripped out chairs to make room for bucket seats or cargo. All transport planes produced after that were GI.

The commercial transports just before the war were mostly Douglas DC-3s (known in military service as C-47s and C-53s)—two-engine 21-passenger planes weighing 13 tons and having an average cruising speed of 180 mph. There were also some four-engine transports—like the Boeing Clipper B-314, a 42-ton 72-passenger flying boat, and the Boeing Stratoliner B-307, a 33-passenger land plane used on overseas routes.

For the Army's Air Transport Command, a fleet of many thousand transports has been manufactured since Pearl Harbor, 70 percent of them DC-3s. The Government airplane-procurement program has progressed so well that about 200 planes—mostly DC-3s—already have been returned to civilian lines.

During the war, the ATC has spread a network of nearly 125,000 air miles over the globe. Today, only four years after commercial trans-Atlantic service was inaugurated, the ATC flies the North Atlantic both ways on one-hour headway throughout the year. The Navy Air Transport Service, while a much smaller operation, also deserves a great deal of the credit for our aviation development since Pearl Harbor.

Naturally, experience gained in the three years of war has resulted in advances in airport lighting, weather forecasting and navigation by radio beams and radar, all of which should pay off after the war in more and safer night flying as well as blind thick-weather flying. As for speed, leaders of the industry boast right now that no place with a landing field need be more than 60 hours' flying time away from any other place on the habitable earth.

As a matter of fact, the economic and political problems of post-war aviation may be tougher to solve than the purely technical problems. This was brought out at the recent international conference in Chicago, to which 52 nations sent delegates to discuss the best and fairest means of handling global nonmilitary air traffic. The American position was that commercial rates, routes and schedules should be set everywhere by open competition among the nations. Some European delegates, the British particularly, expressed fear that our head start in aviation would give us a competitive advantage that other countries could not overcome. These delegates proposed that the post-war field be divided in advance so that all competitors could be sure of having a look-in. Whatever the final solution, it seems clear that no nation wants to see the rush for post-war aviation business develop into a cutthroat game, which would be a source of friction among friendly countries.

## Post-War Volume of Travel

THE Civil Aeronautics Administration calls for 1,827 first-class air stations in the continental United States after the war. There are now 286 cities certified for big-plane stops, but only 112 of these are in good condition. No existing commercial airport could accommodate the enormous land planes scheduled for 1947 and after.

Only five years after the end of the war, domestic air travel will be seven times the 1940 business, and 1,500 planes will be needed, according to Dr. D. H. Davenport, director of business research for the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. Freight, he thinks, will amount to 110 million ton-miles, contrasted with 3½ million in 1940.

American Airlines, our leading domestic passenger and cargo carrier, will add 40 percent to its pre-war total of 8,450 miles, calling at 87 cities in 32 states. United Air Lines, Transcontinental & Western Air Inc., Eastern Air Lines and other important companies all propose similar expansion of their domestic service; some, in addition, plan to enter or expand their international service.

Besides the many thousands of miles of routes in the States, Canada and Alaska, the Civil Aeronautics Board has mapped 20 major routes totaling 140,000 miles of foreign airways it wants American planes to fly with passengers and freight after the war. L. Welch Pogue, chairman of the CAB, says that "perhaps most of the overseas passenger business will be in the air."

It is estimated that 105,000 passengers a year will travel between Europe and the United States by 1950—as many as 14,000 monthly during the warm season. Ten years from now, 230,000 round trips are expected to be clocked annually across the North Atlantic, constituting half of all international air travel.

Seventeen of the great ships as yet unbuilt are scheduled to make 50 departures a week for Pan American Airways alone from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Detroit and Chicago for European cities during the peak of a post-war summer vacation period.

Just as before the war, three-quarters of all airline customers are expected to be Americans. Thirty-seven percent will travel on family business and 44 percent on holiday; the rest on commercial, diplomatic and miscellaneous missions.

The scramble for this business is already on; everybody wants to get into the act. More than 370 American concerns have applied for franchises to give service over foreign and domestic airways. These include not only airlines but also steamship companies, railroads and even bus lines, one of which wants to run helicopter shuttles as an "extension of service."

Thirty soldiers, ranging in grade from private to lieutenant in the AAF and ATC, have formed the Norseman Air Transport to give 50 New England towns air service totaling 2,500 miles after the war. The boys plan to buy 34 planes from GI surplus, and only war veterans will be able to get jobs with them.

## Post-War Speeds and Fares

THE primary reason more people have not flown up to now is the high cost of air travel. Bigger, faster planes will mean lower fares. The key to aviation progress in the post-war world is big, fast planes; the whole transport industry is concentrating on increased size.

With the addition of only a few of the proposed high-speed 100-passenger packets, Pan American



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Airways, for example, could increase its passenger capacity in Latin America 100 times, or five times the greatest volume carried by sea and air combined in the best pre-war year. Freight capacity would be increased 18 times the 1941 volume. Pan American also figures that three 100-seat planes could carry twice as many passengers between California and Hawaii as ever traveled by sea and air in the best year up to 1939.

The 200 new planes ordered from manufacturers for post-war delivery to domestic transport lines will take 9,300 passengers in day-coach seats, 30 percent more than all 18 domestic fleets combined could carry in pre-war days. The full list of 225 post-war planes ordered so far will have an aggregate capacity 60 to 75 percent greater than the entire pre-war fleet.

Besides, the new planes will be able to average 13 hours aloft daily, compared with 10 hours for pre-war ships, and to run 900 hours between engine overhauls as against 700 in 1940. This extra stamina has the same effect as more or larger planes.

By raising the average cruising speed of the post-war planes from the 180 mph of the pre-war DC-3 to 250, 300 or even 340 mph, the world shrinks astonishingly. In a special study for the Brookings Institution, Dr. J. Parker van Zandt declared that before long "no place on earth will be more than two days away."

Look at these space-eaters:

The Douglas Aircraft Company Inc. claims for its proposed DC-6 a coast-to-coast schedule of 8½ hours with a full pay load, as against 17 hours for today's DC-3. Fast trains take three days now. In a DC-6, Chicago would be brought within 2 hours 40 minutes of New York. The DC-6 would roar into London from New York in 11 hours 56 minutes, including two intermediate stops. The latest commercial record is 14½ hours, while before the war the flight took 26½ hours. On the *Queen Mary*, you bounced for 4½ days, at best, between New York and Southampton.

The Boeing Aircraft Company asserts that the Stratocruiser, a commercial adaptation of its B-29, would make it possible to leave New York after lunch and have dinner on the West Coast, or to board the plane in New York after breakfast and arrive in London before bedtime, even counting the difference in time.

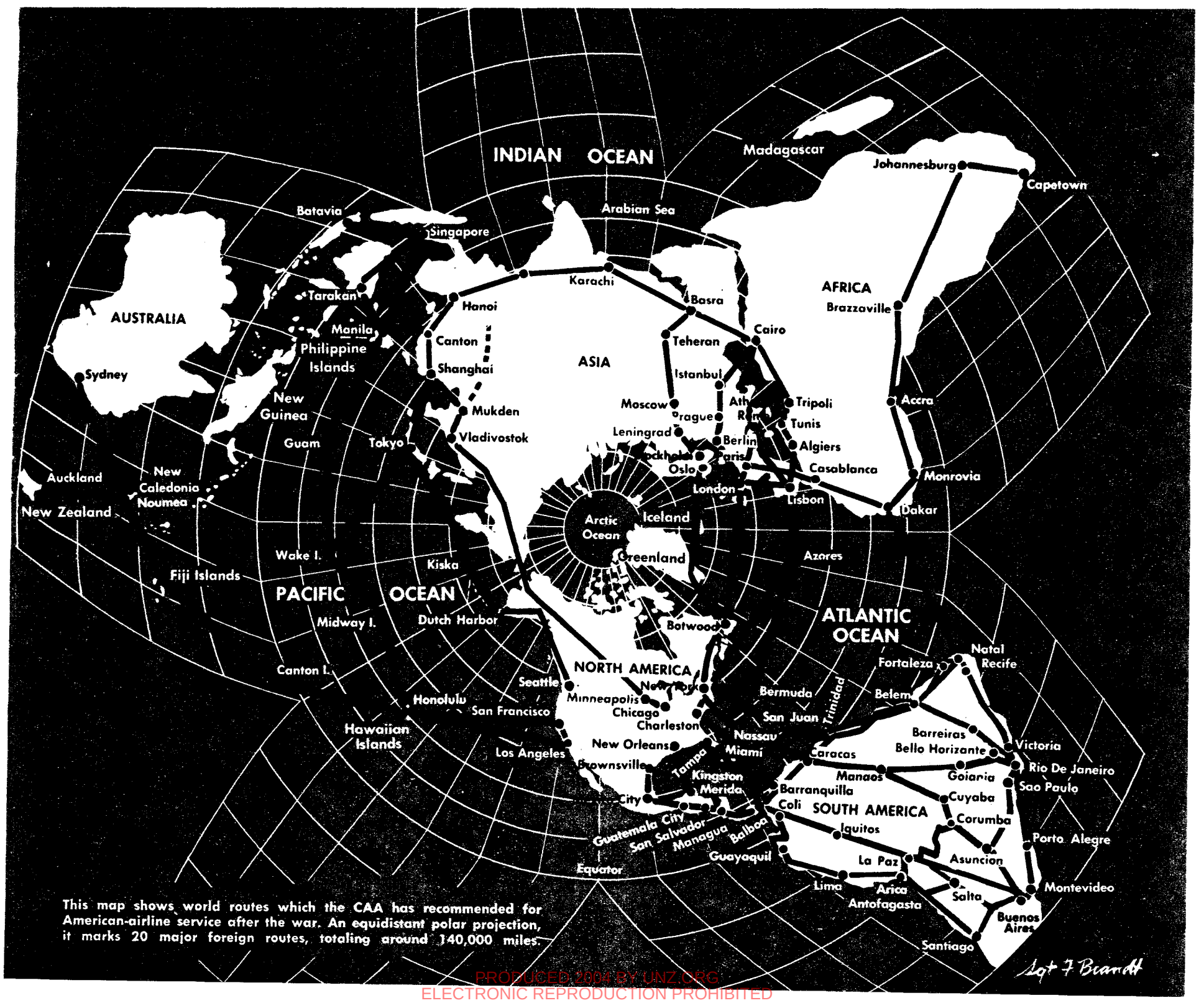
National Airlines has filed a schedule with the CAB which calls for a flight between New York and Miami in the DC-4 in 4½ hours, as against nearly twice that time with present equipment.

On the proposed Douglas DC-7 or the immense Lockheed Constitution, you could wing over the 2,500 miles of open water between the Golden Gate and Honolulu in half the 16½ hours it takes now. Steamship time is five days.

The great planes would make the long journey from New York to Calcutta in 40 hours 10 minutes, instead of nearly six days as at present. They would go rolling down to Rio in less than 20 hours, clipping 46 hours 10 minutes off the present time. They would whisk you from San Francisco to Manila in 23 hours (a five-day trip by pre-Pearl Harbor plane) or to Australia or New Zealand in one day flat; from New York to Bermuda in 3½ hours.

BUT how about the moola for all this global gallivanting? Listen to Juan Trippe, Pan American Airways' president: "In the air age we are entering, no American who works will find world travel beyond his means. . . . We propose to move boldly ahead to provide mass transpor-

# Air Travel After the War




This map shows world routes which the CAA has recommended for American-airline service after the war. An equidistant polar projection, it marks 20 major foreign routes, totaling around 140,000 miles.

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tation for the businessman and tourist at low rates unique in air transportation."

In general, aviation authorities are looking forward to passenger fares of 3 to 7 cents a mile soon after the war. The Glenn L. Martin Company boasts that its short-range Mercury 202 could make money on 2½ cents a passenger-mile, while C. L. Egtvedt, chairman of Boeing, believes the Stratocruiser should operate at 2 cents. No established airline, however, yet proposes to do business at such bargain prices.

Passenger rates in the U. S. now are under 5 cents a mile, or 10 percent less than before the war. Rates on American airlines are 5½ cents in Mexico, 8 cents elsewhere in Latin America, and range from 9 to 17 cents on other foreign trips. Before the war, Atlantic and Pacific fares were 9 to 11 cents a mile—the longer the trip the cheaper the rate.

Pan American Airways has filed a prospectus with the Federal Government offering a fare of $148, or 4 cents a mile, for the 3,460 airline miles between New York and London on its post-war four-engine 100-passenger ships. American Airways has announced a prospective fare on a DC-6 of $235, or 6⅔ cents a mile. The present fare is $572, or 17 cents a mile; before the war it was $375, or 11 cents a mile. Minimum first-class fare on the *Queen Mary* for the New York-Southampton run in 1939 was $316; third class was $107.50. On other first-class or cabin-class Cunarders and French liners, the fare was around $282.

So, although the airlines intend to undercut first-class, and perhaps second-class, steamship fares, probably the airplane will not be the leading means of trans-Atlantic travel until its fares better third-class steamship rates. A 10-hour dash to London for a hundred bucks, which one airline hopes for eventually, would pack 'em in.

The present price of the 2,500-mile flight between Los Angeles or San Francisco and Honolulu is $278, about one-third above pre-war prices. Pan American proposes to carry you after the war on the new Clippers for $96. The 1939 steamship fare was $125 for first class and $85 for cabin class.

All the airlines will allow a 10-percent reduction for round trips. Berths will cost up to 25 percent of the fares in addition.

The domestic lines have not been able to forecast their post-war rates, because they cannot guess what the volume of air travel within the States will be. It is admitted that planes won't become the favorite mode of travel until the current fare of slightly under 5 cents a mile is lowered within challenging distance of the approximate 2 cents-a-mile railroad fare and 1½ cents-a-mile bus fare.

## Post-War Planes

THE new transport planes you will see in civilian traffic right after the war will not be jet-propelled, silent and vibrationless, taking off without runways. And they won't be helicopters rising straight up from roofs of downtown office buildings, or rockets shooting through the stratosphere out of sight at two miles per second. In sober fact, a great proportion of the first post-war transports will be simply new DC-3s, DC-4s, and CW-20Es. The enduring popularity of the DC-3 is attested by Pan American's plans to have it comprise half its post-war fleet of 100 planes.

Sixty-two Douglas DC-4s at $380,000 apiece already have been ordered by various airlines. As the C-54, this plane has logged 6,000 ocean crossings for the ATC with few accidents. Weighing over 35 tons, it will carry 44 passengers in coach seats or 22 in berths, plus a crew of five. Its four Pratt & Whitney engines of 1,450 hp each give it a cruising speed of 239 mph. Its length is 94 feet, wing span 117½ feet, height 27½ feet. The interior of one C-54 recently was redone to show how it would look as a civilian DC-4—and then, after one day, fixed up for GI duty again.

Orders have been placed for about 30 Curtiss-Wright CW-20Es, which also have been successful in the ATC as C-46 Commandos. They are 24-tonners, driven by four 1,100-hp Wright Cyclone engines at a 242-mph cruising speed with 36 to 42 passengers. Construction cost is $300,000.

But airlines want custom-made planes, rather than machines returned from the ATC. The latter have had very hard usage. Besides, reconversion of a DC-3 to civilian purposes costs $40,000, one-third its original price. That's considered too much to spend on a second-hand plane.

These smallest of the new transports are intended for short hauls, especially in the States, and for feeder lines into long-range express routes. For that kind of service, Douglas also has designed the Skybus, a little lighter than the DC-3 but carrying 24 passengers and cruising at 226 mph on its two engines. Its cost is about $15,000 under that of a DC-3.

Similarly, Martin offers its two-engine Mercury, with a capacity of 30 passengers, a cruising speed of 250 mph and a range of 250 to 700 miles. The first cost is $300,000.

By 1946, or 1947 anyway, the Douglas DC-6, a slightly larger, faster version of the DC-4, and the Lockheed Constellation, about 10 percent heavier than the DC-6, should be coming off the assembly lines. These planes are intended for coast-to-coast express and even transocean flights until the still bigger types are ready. Eventually they will be used for intermediate ranges.

The DC-6 is 100½ feet long, has a wing span equal to that of the DC-4 and a height 1½ feet greater. Its weight tops 40 tons. It gets a 316-mph cruising speed from four Pratt & Whitney engines of 2,100 hp each and has a range of 3,540 miles. At least 50 passengers can be accommodated by day and 24 in berths at night, plus a crew of six. Sixty-eight DC-6s, costing $580,000 per job, have been ordered.

Airlines also have signed for 40 Constellations, costing $727,000 apiece. One Constellation was completed just before the war but never reached commercial service. Howard Hughes of TWA showed it off by piloting it to a transcontinental speed record of 6½ hours. Its weight is more than 45 tons, and it will seat 56 day-coach passengers on domestic routes and 40 on transocean trips, or accommodate 30 in berths. Like the DC-6, the Constellation requires a crew of six. Its four Wright 2,200-hp engines give it a cruising speed of 322 mph.

The really big stuff among currently planned transport planes—the Douglas DC-7 and Lockheed Constitution—will not be ready until some time after 1947. Twenty-six DC-7s have been ordered at a total outlay of $36,400,000; one is partly constructed at the Long Beach (Calif.) plant of Douglas. No Constitutions have yet been contracted for (unless secretly), but it is known that at least one airline is counting on them to realize projected international schedules. No commercial airport in the world has runways adequate for such ponderous air vessels.

Weighing in at 81 tons, the DC-7 is seven times the size of the DC-3 and nearly twice as big as the Boeing B-314 seaplane. Its wing span exceeds the height of a 16-story building. Two cabins will seat 108 passengers maximum, but on 3,500-mile transocean flights, for which the ship is specifically intended, only 95 passengers will be accepted by day and 79 (with 20 in berths) by night. The crew of 10 has a separate flight deck. The cargo holds take 1,169 cubic feet of pay load. Four engines delivering 14,000 hp pull the gigantic liner forward at 296-mph cruising speed.

If the DC-7 is colossal, the Constitution is supercolossal. Its gross weight is 92 tons. The wings are so thick a mechanic can walk right inside them. A maximum of 149 passengers can be carried, although on long over-water hops only 128 will be taken by day, 119 (with 30 berths) by night. More than 2,000 cubic feet of cargo space are provided. To operate this $2,029,488 leviathan, a crew of 11—four pilots, three stewards, two radiomen, a navigator, and an engineer—is required. The plane has the same power plant as the DC-7, but its greater tonnage reduces its average cruising speed by 8 mph.

Not yet sold to anybody are designs for Boeing's 377 Stratocruiser, commercial adaptations of Martin's Mars and some "dream ships." The Stratocruiser is a commercial development of Boeing's Superfortress. In a test last January, an Army transport version flew across the country in 6 hours 9 minutes, said to be a new record. At 60 tons, it is the largest land transport actually built. Its wing span is 141 feet 3 inches, the same as the B-29, but its length, 110 feet 4 inches, is 12 feet greater. The striking feature is a double-decked fuselage which can be fitted in three ways—for 100 passengers in day-coach seats; for 72 Pullman seats making up into 36 berths, plus dressing rooms and an observation lounge for 14 persons; or for 25,000 pounds of freight.

Its four engines of 2,200 hp each are said to give a cruising speed of 340 mph, although the ship averaged 380 mph in its record flight; its fuel tanks allow a range of 3,500 miles. The manufacturer declares that a crew of only five is needed on transcontinental trips—pilot, co-pilot, engineer-radioman and two stewards. For transocean flights, a navigator and one steward would be added. Boeing's claims to speed are higher, and to comprehensive operating costs lower, than those of its competitors.

ON the DC-6 and larger types, cabins will be air-conditioned and pressurized, making oxygen inhalators unnecessary at high altitudes. They will be insulated against cold, heat, noise and vibration by blankets of fibreglass. Electric galleys will provide hot meals freshly prepared; the pre-war policy of free food is expected to continue at least until fares are brought way down.

All post-war planes will use more plastics and light metals to reduce weight. Heating devices will combat icing of wings. Most new planes will be day coaches; a few, all-sleepers; more, combinations of both. All passenger planes will carry some cargo, while a few may be used exclusively as freighters.

Except for possible commercial use of the Mars, post-war airplanes apparently are going to be land types. Airlines seem unanimous in preferring these as more economical and lighter than flying boats. Martin alone among the major concerns foresees a great future for the seaplane.

The Mars, 67½ tons of flying boat and the biggest hunk of airplane in the world, is operated by the Navy for heavy long-distance cargo. Martin is making 20 more of these bully boys for the Navy and insists the type would be practical in post-war commercial freight work.

It is only 41 years ago that Wilbur and Orville Wright on the beach at Kittyhawk, N. C., got a heavier-than-air contraption off the ground for 59 seconds. Now look at the damn thing—it will fly around the world in four days with eight stops!

This model shows how the great Idlewild Airport will look when ready for post-war traffic. Constructed on the shores of Jamaica Bay, on the outskirts of New York City, it will have a series of runways totaling 13½ miles.

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# Amer of Burma

***This screwball cameraman clicks his shutter at East Asia's most photogenic figures, but his heart belongs to a U. S. gas station.***

**By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

NORTHERN BURMA—If there's a zanier screwball in all of China, Burma or India than T-5 Tommy Amer of Los Angeles, Calif., Adm. Lord Louis Mountbatten would like to know who he could be.

So would Ann Sheridan, Jinx Falkenburg, an entire Signal Photographic Company, assorted generals and colonels, and at least two platoons of Chinese infantry.

As a matter of fact, most of these people still don't know just who Amer is supposed to be.

The other day, as Amer waddled his 5-foot-5, 100-pound anatomy around a place named Momauk during the battle for Bhamo, a colonel spotted him.

"What tribe are you a member of, son?" asked the colonel, eyeing his bronzed face, "the Sioux?"

A little while later some Chinese soldiers happened to see the squint-eyed Amer walk by. Taking him for one of their own men in American uniform, they spouted a long Chinese greeting at him.

On another occasion a general patted Amer on the back and declared, "You Japanese-American boys in our Army deserve a lot of credit."

And when some American infantrymen passed him on the trail a couple of weeks ago, they figured from his face and his hodge-podge uniform that he was one of the Kachin hill people of Burma, so they yelled "*Ka-ja-ee* (hello)" at him.

To all such ignorant characters, Amer throws a stock retort, combining Chinese and Southern greetings, rendered with a Dixie accent.

"*Habla how*, yo-all!" he replies. This confounds them even more.

According to his service record, Amer is a Chinese-American serving as a still photographer for the U. S. Army Signal Corps. But there are some who wonder if maybe Amer didn't have the clerk who made up his service record fooled, too.

When he was assigned to take pictures of Lord Mountbatten's trip to Myitkyina some months ago he wore his usual green fatigues, a wide-brimmed Gurkha felt hat, two guns, three cameras, flashbulbs sticking out of every pocket and a wide grin. The admiral looked him over with growing astonishment and asked where he came from.

"Los Angeles, Calif., sir," said Amer.

"Well, well," smiled Mountbattan. "I have spent some time in Hollywood, myself. I suppose you used to work as a Hollywood photographer before you joined the Army."

"No, sir," replied Amer. "Only been to Hollywood twice in my life. I handled the gas pump in a service station."

This admission in itself has made Amer unique among GI photographers, for it's the custom in this civilian army, where everybody claims he made at least $100 a week in civilian life, for any photographer who happens to hail from the West Coast to say with an air of nonchalance and superiority, "Oh, I'm from Hollywood," thus establishing his genius among fellow GIs.

Amer is actually proud that he used to work in a service station and not as a professional photographer. "When I left to join the Army," he says, "I owned one-fifth of the station. But now they write me that I own more of it—one-sixth of it. Geez, I hope this don't mean I'll run into income-tax *invasion*."

When Jinx Falkenburg and Pat O'Brien came to Burma with a USO troupe, Amer soon had Jinx posing for pin-up cheesecake pictures. Jinx liked the pictures so well that she told Amer she would get him a good publicity photographer's job, come the Armistice.

"Sorry, ma'am," said Amer, "but I'm going back to the gas pump."

No one seems to know how Amer ever got into Army photography in the first place, except that GI classification often does queer things. But he has picked up photography so fast that his pictures of brass hats and celebrities —which are his specialty —have appeared in newspapers all over the States.

One of these pictures, of Ann Sheridan hugging a veteran of Merrill's Marauders, won Amer a lifelong friend. The ex-Marauder had been so overwhelmed with the chance to meet an honest-to-God screen sweetheart that he hauled out one of his two hard-won Jap flags and edged through a crowd of GIs to give it to her.

Ann was so grateful that she spontaneously threw her arms around the soldier. Amer was changing film nearby at the time, and he saw that the hug would make a whale of a picture. So he asked Ann to repeat the hug and hold it until he could click the shutter. Ann did it again—for several long minutes as Amer fussed with his flashbulbs and camera adjustments. Finally he flashed the picture.

Afterward the GI came up to Amer and exclaimed: "Gee, that was wonderful. I'll remember that embrace the rest of my life. I don't know how to thank you." Amer knew how—he got the GI's other Jap flag.

Amer loves to needle the brass. Once a staff officer who is in the habit of confronting correspondents and photographers with the words, "I used to be a newspaperman once myself," heard Amer was from Los Angeles and looked him up.

"Did you ever work for a newspaper in L.A.?" the officer asked. "You know, I used to be a reporter on the *Times*."

"You did, sir?" piped Amer. "I worked for the *Times* myself, for a while." And just when the officer was about to ask when he worked there and who he knew, Amer added, "Yeah, I used to sell it on the street."

His buddies in the Signal Photographic Company call Amer the Flashbulb King, for he uses flash bulbs as plentifully in taking his pictures as Mae West uses sex to make hers.

Once when he was shooting some pictures in a mess hall, one of his bulbs exploded, showering tiny pieces of glass into half a dozen GIs' mess kits. By that time it was too late for them to get any more chow, so they weren't very happy about the whole thing. The ever-grinning Amer took in the situation, then yelled, "*Habla how*, yo-all!" and ended the assignment by beating a hasty retreat. For two days afterward he refused to shoot a flash picture.

"I felt just like a pilot after a crack-up," he recalls. "But I finally managed to pull myself together again."

Of course, if any of his pictures are ever out of focus or overexposed or blanks, Amer shrugs the matter off to his CO with, "What can you expect from a gas-station attendant?"

His picture captions are as remarkable as his personality. For instance, "Well, well, look at that little lamb; it is wearing a Jap battle flag that these boys killed a Jap to get." Or "At this point one sniper gave them more trouble than all the enemy forces. The sniper is no more—we got the bastard." Or "Here is the place we almost got our fanny blown to hell." Or "These American infantrymen walking back for a rest are full of smile and joy."

In his talkative moments, which occur several times every hour, Amer never tires of telling how he snafued a whole division on Tennessee maneuvers, or how a clerk once thought his name Amer was an abbreviation for "American nationality," or how he got a Purple Heart in the Myitkyina battle for a tiny face burn from a shell that burst only 15 yards away.

IN his spare time, when he's not out in the middle of the Irrawaddy River fishing from an Air Force life raft, Amer studies a War Department booklet entitled, "How To Speak Chinese."

"All the time I'm getting picked up by Chinese MPs for wearing an American uniform," he explains, "and it's always tough to talk my way out of it because I don't talk their kind of Chinese. You see, my folks were born in Canton, which has a language all its own."

At rare intervals, Amer does run across a Chinese soldier who speaks his language. Last week he met a Chinese colonel from Canton. "You say your name is Amer?" asked the colonel. "Ah, yes, I knew the Amers well. You used to be smugglers in Canton, didn't you?"

"That just shows you the troubles I have," moans Amer, fingering a flashbulb. "Even people from Canton."



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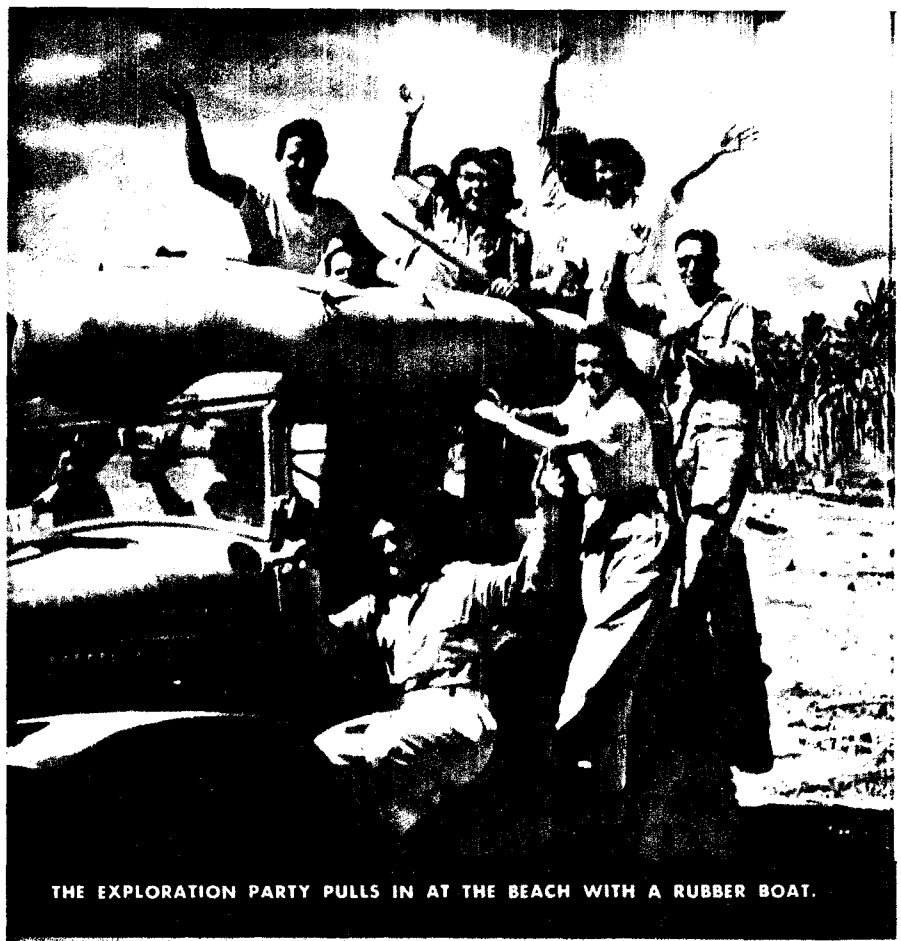
丸川怒

# KINUGAWA MARU

***These pictures, by YANK's Sgt. Dil Ferris, were taken during an offshore party by five Red Cross girls and 10 GIs, exploring a Jap ship that was sunk trying to land troops at Guadalcanal.***



THE EXPLORATION PARTY PULLS IN AT THE BEACH WITH A RUBBER BOAT.

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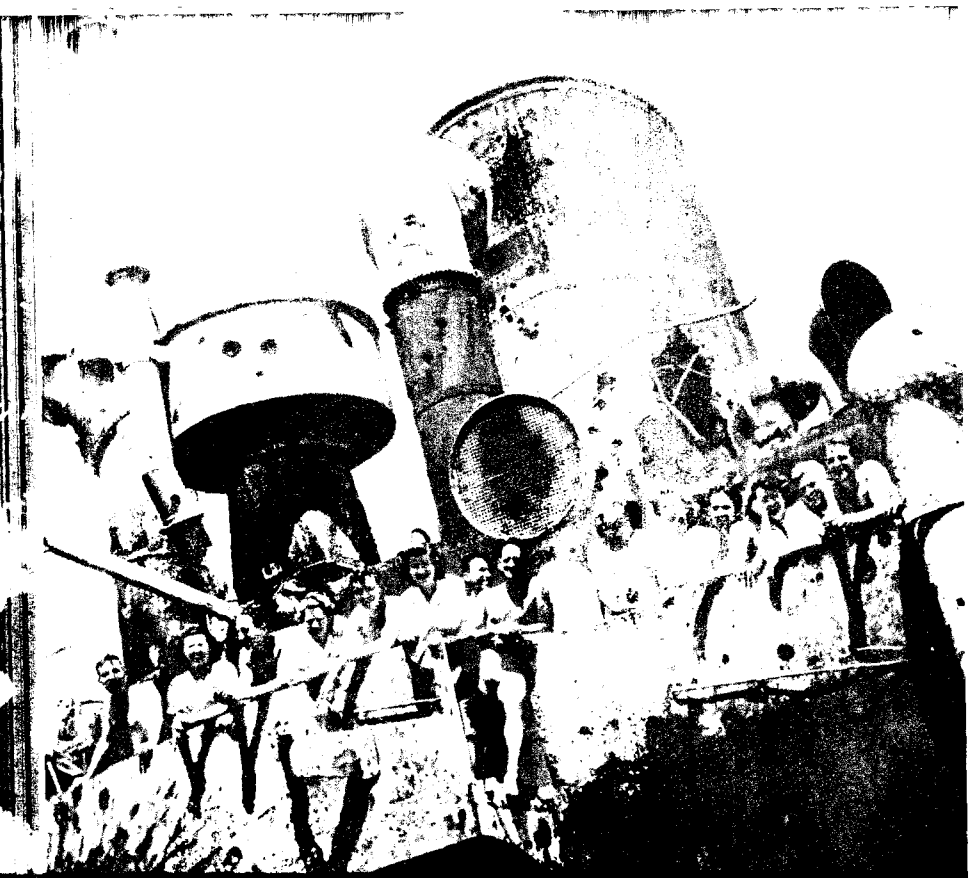
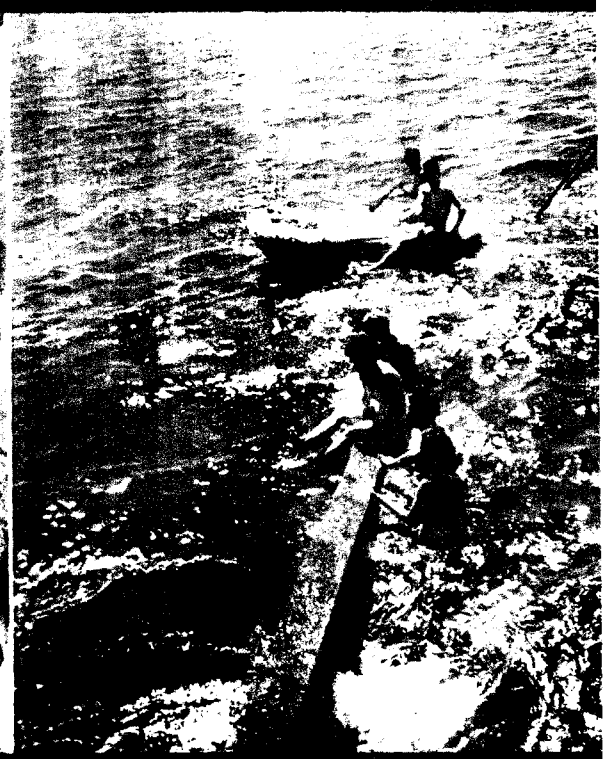
DORIS AMES OF SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., CLIMBS STACK OF THE *KINUGAWA MARU*.



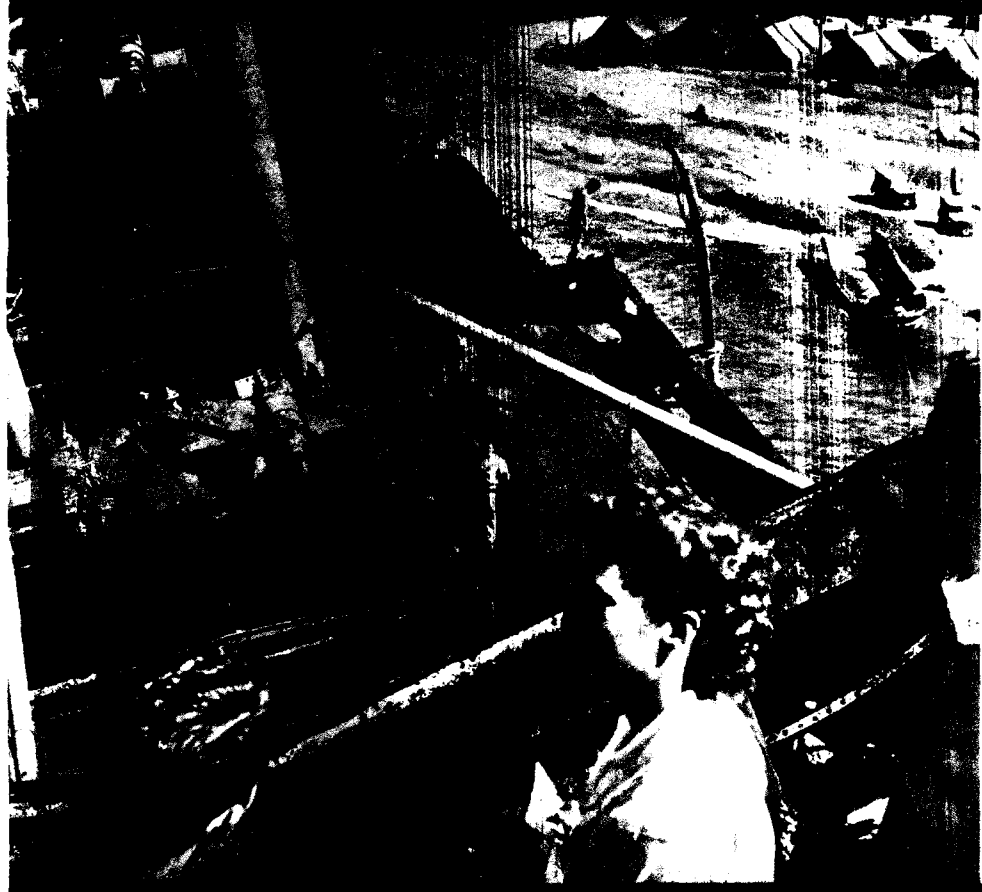
THE WHOLE GANG LINES UP ON THE BRIDGE TO GET THEIR PICTURE TAKEN.

GENEVIEVE FOX, DORIS AMES AND SGT. HARRY PASSEHL TAKE OVER AS THE CREW OF A JAP ANTIAIRCRAFT GUN.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS BROUGHT A RED CROSS PICNIC LUNCH ALONG WITH THEM WHICH THEY ARE EATING ON THE DECK.



SOME OF THE PARTY DID A LITTLE EASY SWIMMING BEFORE THEY DOVE INTO THEIR LUNCH.



FROM THE TOP OF THE STACK THEY COULD LOOK OVER THE SHIP AND THE SHORE.

THE PICNIC'S OVER AND TWO RED CROSS GIRLS SHOW SOME WEAR AND TEAR.

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# MAIL CALL

## Women in Industry

Dear YANK:

Should women remain in industry after the war? If there are enough jobs for the men in service, then it's all right. But if a man has to give up his job to go in service and let a woman have his job, and then comes home after the war and finds out he has no job and no way to support his family, it will lead to stealing just as it did after the last war.

I think all the fellows appreciate what the girls are doing and would thank them if they could, but I know that if they can't get their job just because some woman thinks she needs a little more money, there will be trouble.

*India* —Pfc. R. McKINLEY*

*Also signed by two others.

Dear YANK:

...Two measures are needed to insure that most women will return willingly to the home. They are long overdue reforms. One measure has already been set in motion by the wartime labor shortage. That is, the pay scale of domestic help has risen considerably. This group, which before the war received sub-standard wages, should continue to receive adequate pay for taking over household duties of women who prefer to work.

On the other hand, the family-raising home should not be penalized for adding to the virility and future strength of the nation. Just as the Army contributes a dependency allowance to a soldier's wife, so either the employer or the Government should contribute an allowance to a married man's salary for a nonworking wife. To that add a substantial increment for the support of minor children. . . .

*Camp Stewart, Ga.* —Cpl. S. TANENBAUM

Dear YANK:

I think the women should take care of the home work. Incidentally, the GIs who will survive will want some peace and a satisfactory home with their wives and sweethearts. There will be thousands of GIs who will be jobless, especially those who were not working prior to the war.

Fortunately, after the war is over, there will not be another conflict for a good long time, and the men can acquire jobs themselves and support their families and dependents. After the war the majority of the women in industry should go back to their homes, for husband, son and brother will take over thereafter.

*South Pacific* —Pfc. NORMAN ROBERSON

Dear YANK:

...In order to insure employment for veterans, women of marital status should be discharged without prejudice from industry. By doing this, there will be vacancies for GIs returning to civilian life.

The children of today, as a whole, are without parental control. Mothers are needed to guide them in the correct way of life. This cannot be accomplished by further employment of women in industry. . . .

*Belgium* —Pvt. JAMES A. MOTIN

Dear YANK:

For my part, the old saying that "a woman's place is in the home," still goes. I'm only 19 years old. I've been in New Guinea about 11 months. I graduated from high school in June 1943. I entered the Army two months later. I had no chance to hold any sort of a job whatsoever. There are a lot of guys my age and who face the same situation. How the hell are we going to find jobs when we get home? Let the women take a powder. They've done their share to win the war; give us "kids" a chance to get started.

*New Guinea* —Pvt. MIKE LUCENTI

Dear YANK:

I really think the women should stop and go back to their families and take care of their homes. That will make all the fellows feel lots better after being overseas three and four years eating C rations and K rations—fellows who have had a real tough time over here with the Germans. It's no plaything over here, and I really think it would make all the fellows feel better. I admire our women for the work they have done for us fellows overseas here. So I think each woman should go back home and give her husband the things he desires from a wife.

*France* —Pvt. WALLACE BODY

Dear YANK:

...Women remaining in industry will not create a serious labor difficulty. Many married women will voluntarily leave the jobs when victory is ours. A complete ban on immigration will assure American-born women-citizens their rights and opportunities to earn an honest living and to maintain their honor, independence and self-respect.

Mother, home and heaven are to me the three most beautiful words in the English language—all of which only woman is fully representative. With her we fall or rise. With her we perish or prosper as a nation. Her choice to remain in industry must be guaranteed. . . .

*Philippines* —Sgt. GEORGE CARLTON ARNOLD

Dear YANK:

The fellows in this company think the women should stay in industry, because after two more years of KP, making beds, mopping and dusting, we'll be capable of keeping house while the women work. As the new saying goes, "Mama does the work, Papa gets the pay."

*Camp Hood, Tex.* —Pfc. BERNARD DRIMAL*

*Also signed by seven others.

## Paratroop Pioneers

Dear YANK:

I have been saving up this growl for some time and finally decided to get it off my chest. Why don't the boys who laid the ground floor for the present-day parachute outfits receive some official recognition? I was one of the original 38 enlisted men and two officers who volunteered from the 29th Infantry Regiment at Fort Benning in the summer of 1940 for what was known, if I remember correctly, as the "Test Parachute Platoon."

We moved down to the local airfield and for six long months we sweated and worked and jumped under adverse circumstances. We did quite a few things that hadn't been done before, such as jumping from what was then a very low altitude (500 feet), jumping from old B-18 bombers that you damned near had to crawl out of, testing and improving new equipment, etc. During this period I made 11 jumps and some of the fellows more than that. Then we formed a cadre and organized the first Parachute Battalion in the U. S. Army, the 501st.

Shortly after this the original bunch broke up, some were transferred honorably to other units, some were washed out for physical reasons and some stayed. All I have to show for this is a parachute qualification badge that I'm told I cannot wear. I am not an eager beaver, but I do think that every man in the original platoon should be awarded some official recognition. We were promised letters of recommendation from the Secretary of War but these never materialized.

Every time I see where some mess sergeant has been awarded the Legion of Merit for serving good meals, or some other guy for staying in the same outfit for 20 years, I get a slow burn on.

*Fort Lewis, Wash.* —M/Sgt. SYDNEY C. KERKSIS

## Exams for Ratings (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

I agree wholeheartedly with T/Sgt. Charles Almeda who, in his letter to YANK, advocates an examination for noncommissioned officers now holding a temporary rating to determine whether those EM wishing to stay in the Army after the war were qualified to have said ratings made permanent.

However, I don't believe the sergeant went far enough with his plan. Why not break out with those examinations right now and discover whether our present batch of noncoms are qualified to hold even the temporary ratings? And to add a little more zest to the affair, how would it be if the lowly private were allowed to take the same examination on a competitive basis?

*Burma* —Pfc. JEAN B. JOYAUX*

*Also signed by three others.

## Summer Blouse

Dear YANK:

Why is it that the Army does not have an optional khaki blouse for GIs to wear with the summer uniform? Not only would it improve the appearance of the sack-like summer uniform, but it would come in mighty handy on some of those cool summer evenings off the post when you're not allowed to wear the flight jacket or field jacket.

*Midland, Tex.* —Pfc. A. G. MARTONE

## Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

We agree with Pfc. Arthur C. Eberle that the difference in mustering-out pay of a veteran of five years, including overseas service, and a new 61-day yardbird should be more than just a measly $100. Our plan is that each man should receive a set amount for each month in service, plus an additional amount for each month overseas. . . .

*Hawaii.* —T-4 SAMUEL S. TAYLOR*

*Also signed by 33 others.

## Saluting

Dear YANK:

Another MP drive to curb misdemeanors in uniform, saluting, etc., is under way in this city. We have no defense for men who wear uniforms which look as though they had been slept in, and no defense for men who mix dress with work uniforms, but we defend the men whose official business takes them downtown and who are ordered to wear fatigues on the job.

We have no defense, moreover, for men who do not salute officers while on post or while off post and when directly spoken to. But we defend the men who do not wish to salute all officers at all times while off post and when not directly accosted. We think compulsory saluting off post when not directly accosted by an officer is undemocratic and un-American. It is Prussianism pure and simple. . . .

For 18 months we have observed that such strict CS control over enlisted men leads only to bitterness and a loss of interest and efficiency on the job. Rather than leading to respect for the uniform, this rank regimentation leads to hate and results indirectly in the prolongation of the war and the loss of American lives up front. Let us conduct ourselves so that we can better win this war now and not the dress parades that will follow. Let us have an end to these MP drives which go to extremes. . . .

*Italy* —T-3 RAYMOND J. PAWLOWKSI*

*Also signed by T-5 Clifford J. Norris and T-4 R. I. K.

## Peacetime Army

Dear YANK:

Here it is, short and sweet, on how to get a relatively large qualified bunch of men for a peacetime Army: 1) keep up the same pay rates as of now; 2) have competitive examinations for every rating above corporal; 3) see that the serviceman gets the little "extras" he gets now (such as half fares on transportation, free serviceman centers, free mailing privileges, etc.) at Government expense, if necessary; 4) make an education on some technical subject compulsory and allow the GI to get an education in as many subjects, in as many branches, as he wants without waiting for his full hitch to expire; 5) keep YANK being published exclusively for GIs. Anybody else got any suggestions?

*ASCTC, Fresno, Calif.* —Cpl. DAVE FRANKEL

## Gen. Eisenhower's Hands

Dear YANK:

Having nearly recovered from Gen. Marshall's "broken arm" salute on the cover of *Newsweek* of October a year ago, my *esprit de corps* was again shattered when Gen. Eisenhower appeared on the cover of YANK with—take a look!—his hands in his pockets.

Maybe the general had lost his gloves, or perhaps he was going to hand the boys a hunk of Christmas candy. But, so I have been told, these are not excuses. GI pockets are not for hands!

But I'm for the general. GI overcoat and field-jacket pockets are tops for hands, and anyone, even a soldier, oughta have the right to feel for nickels that aren't there.

Let every MP take a good look at that cover picture and remember it next time he takes after a GI warming his hands.

*Fort Lewis, Wash.* —T/Sgt. FRANK PEDROJA

## Back to Private

Dear YANK:

I just can't figure out how a man can be busted for liking the Army or for working. I have been a machine-gun corporal and assistant squad leader for 19 months, and there has never been any complaint about the way I handled those jobs. But our new company commander is full of policies. One is that a noncommissioned officer should not work along with the men on details and such. I've always pitched in with the men and I know the men appreciate this, rather than having a noncom blowing his cork, telling them this and that and that he's got some work to do. Probably hitting the cot.

Well, I'm now a private and can be in my glory. I don't care so much about the bust; it's the reason.

*New Guinea* —(Name Withheld)

## Passionate Leave

Dear YANK:

We fellows of Hut 20 have a little bitch to make. We often read in the English papers of the English soldiers receiving a compassionate leave. Our question is this: As long as the Allies can get leaves why can't we be returned to the States for passionate leaves? We are all married men and don't feel that we would be living up to our marriage vows by cheating on our wives. Hence our request. We have been over here for a year or better now and find things pretty tough.

*France* —S/Sgt. J. C. WEBSTER*

*Also signed by six others.

## Bemedaled KP

Dear YANK:

We have seen everything. An aspiring master sergeant volunteered for pilot training and is now an "on the line" trainee at this station. The said sarge is pulling details while permanent-party privates remain unworked. The sergeant is qualified to wear bombardier wings, the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Flying Cross, a Presidential Citation, five Oak Leaf Clusters and a Good Conduct Medal. Has a mess officer no heart?

*Perrin Field, Tex.* —The Poor Trainees



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# Schnaff

**Germans Cross Signals In Propaganda Leaflets**

By The Associated Press

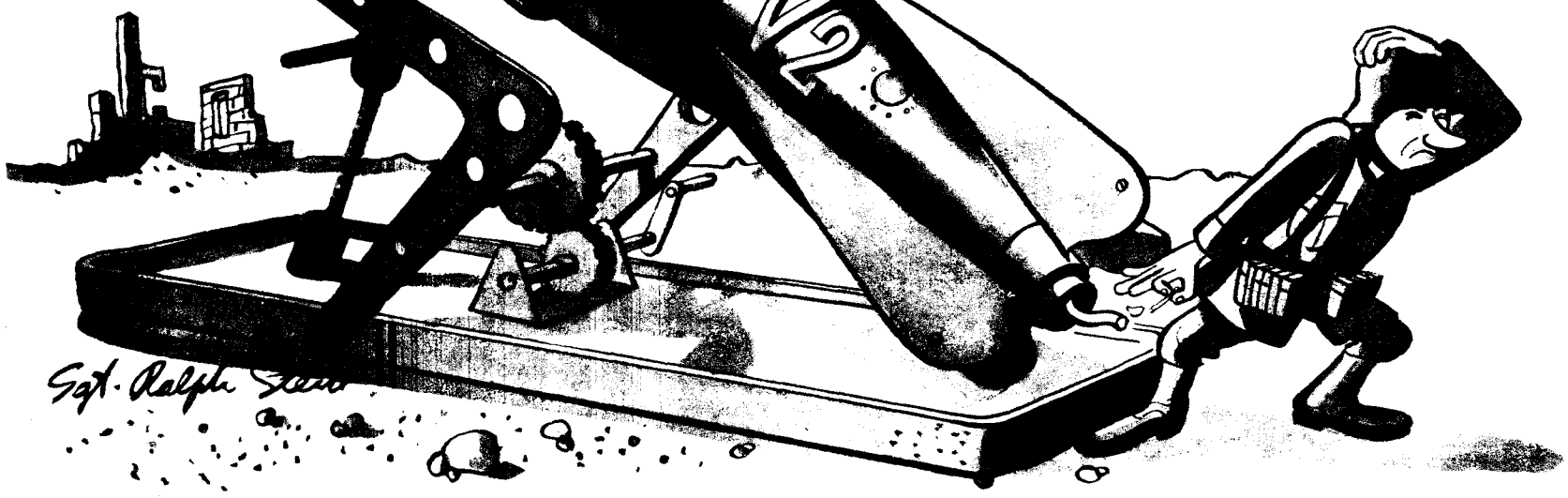
WITH THE AMERICAN NINTH ARMY in Germany, Jan. 26—German propaganda leaflets printed in Russian and intended for the eastern front were fired into American lines today.

The leaflets declared the United States was preparing to attack Russia in the Pacific and said only a strong Germany could save Soviet Russia from "British and American imperialistic aims."

A few minutes later leaflets in English were fired across, warning the Americans that Premier Stalin was seeking to destroy America and Britain. Only a strong Germany can save the Allies, the leaflets said.

"Our orders say we are to proceed by the fastest possible means."

"Dummkopf, you even retreat in wrong direction!"




**WHETHER or not the Red Army is in Berlin by the time this military analysis appears, we don't want to seem prematurely optimistic. It's only that the clipping reproduced herewith has such lovely possibilities. Propaganda has always been one of Adolf's strongest suits, and if his propaganda machine has got twisted into reverse by Allied pressure, why not the rest of the *Wehrmacht*?**

**Why not, for example, a regiment or three of SS troops taking Berchtesgaden? Why not a crew of Nazi demolition experts wiring their own mess hall just before a ceremonial dinner? Why not a wolf pack of Adm. Raeder's subs sinking the surface section of the German Navy? Why not any of the pretty tricks Sgt. Ralph Stein suggests on this page?**

**Best of all, why not extend the backward trend to the Japs and let them bomb Tokyo for us?**

"These are the shells the Fuehrer sends us, and these are the shells we shall use.

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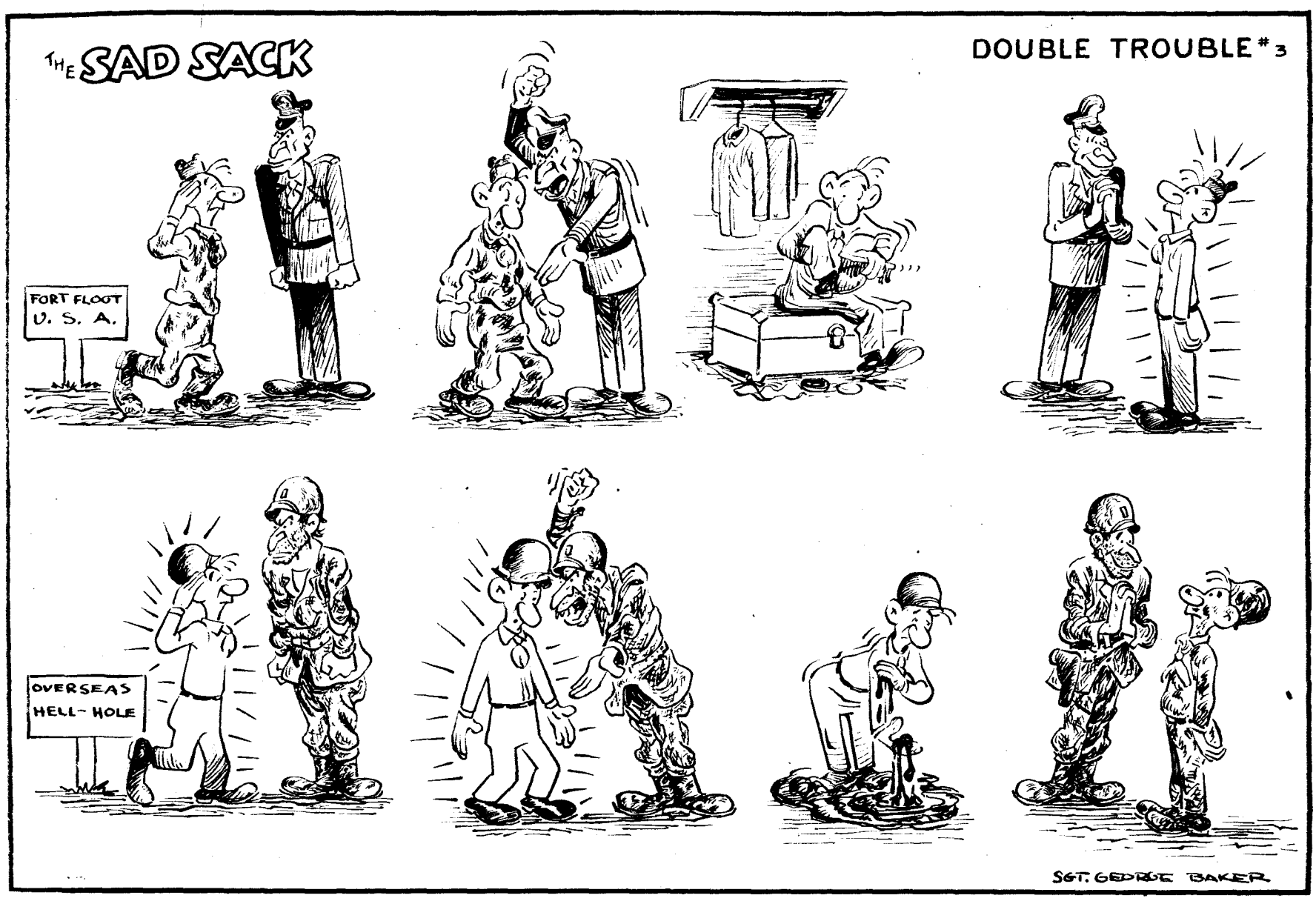


By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

BRAIDWOOD MCMANUS was the kind of a chum you worried about, even though you realized he was probably the original guy who fell into a straddle trench and came up with an orange in his mouth. His luck was exceeded only by his knack for getting into tight places.

Braidwood was transferred out of our outfit in Italy because the medics thought his 30 years of Broadway night life had made him unfit for combat. We were afraid he might wind up as a permanent KP or be given one of those disagreeable routine jobs they have so many of around a replacement depot. But we should have known that McManus and work would remain at a safe distance from each other.

Braidwood was very good at that. He had even survived the depression without getting too close to work. "Closest I ever came to going into business for myself," he used to tell us over his *vino*, "was back in '31, when I was thinking of opening up an apple stand. Thanks to my experience in show business, though, I didn't have to. And it's just as well. Selling apples ties a fellow down. You got no chance to keep up your contacts.

"Just when I was getting hungry enough to look around for an angel to bank-roll me for a bushel of McIntoshes and a peddler's license, I happened to think of those cocktail parties they're always throwing for the celebrities around Broadway. I got damn sick of canapes, but it was a question of dying of malnutrition or getting the gout, and I'll take the gout any day.

"The only problem I had was breakfast. I stayed in bed till noon, but it's a long haul from noon till cocktail time with nothing in your stomach. When I felt real hungry I'd drop in at Childs' and sponge on some of the boys. They used to gather at Childs' every day and cut cards to see who was to sit and nurse the check until he was bailed out. We'd get up one by one and go out, telling the cashier that this guy had the check. Then we'd have to put the bite on somebody to bail him out. I don't know what would have happened to him if we hadn't been able to dig up the scratch, but we always did."

# BRAIDWOOD the BOOK-LOVER

WHEN I dropped in at the Palace Replacement Depot in Naples some little time after Braidwood's transfer, they told me my man was at the Special Service Library on Via Roma. This seemed kind of strange to me, as I knew Braidwood wasn't even as well acquainted with books as he was with work.

I went over to the store that Special Service had taken over on Via Roma, and when Braidwood saw me coming in he greeted me with a sly grin. I asked him how he had landed a goldbrick job giving out books to the long-haired guys sweating out the war with base outfits.

"It's a long story," said Braidwood, "but stick around and I'll give it to you over a glass of *vino*." Later, after he had downed two with all the gestures and faces that are a part of the enjoyment he gets out of drinking, Braidwood began to unfold the tale.

"You know," he said, "the only thing that had me worried about being transferred to the replacement depot was that damned interview. I knew they'd ask me a lot of questions I'd rather not answer about what I had done before I came into the Army. How the hell can I explain how I feel about work to some young lieutenant who never had a job in his life before he came into the Army? So I stalled it off until the orderly room began to bitch about it.

"The worst of it was that I couldn't remember what the hell I'd told them at Camp Upton when I first came into the Army. I didn't want them to catch me in no lies, so I checked with Meathead Davis, the company clerk. Meathead told me that my records had been lost, so I knew I was a shoo-in.

Braidwood gulped another slug of *vino* (drinkers like him never learn it's supposed to be sipped), and I could see he was stalling. So I put the question to him direct. "How did you happen to land here?" I asked.

"Well," he said, grinning like he always does when he's trapped you into doing something he wanted you to do all the time, "when the man asked me what I had done before I came into the Army, I told him I was a 'clerk—books'."

"McManus," I said, "you never worked in a book store in your life."

"I never said I had," said Braidwood. "That's where you make the same mistake the man did. The last job I had was as a clerk at Belmont Park when the books was on. You didn't think I was going to tell him I was working for a bookmaker, did you?"

When he saw that his logic had hit home, Braidwood grinned again. "I never read anything but the *Racing Form* in my life," he said, "but I like it here. And you can't ever tell; I might even read a book."



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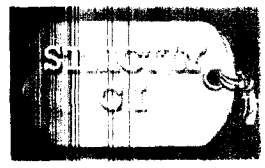
## Regular Army



ANY enlisted man of the Regular Army who holds a temporary commission in the AUS is entitled to return to his permanent Regular Army grade if he reenlists within si[illegible] leaving the service. Any enlist[illegible] RA who was upped to warran[illegible] officer in the AUS may get back his perman[illegible] grade if he reenlists 1) within six months [illegible] he is over 38 or 2) within 15 days if he is under 38. RA men who held specialist ratings wi[illegible] be reenlisted in the grades indicated in the following conversion table [*AR 600-750, C 10: 10 June 1945*]

| Old grade and rating | Reenlistment grade |
|---|---|
| Pfc, specialist first class | Technician fourth grade |
| Private, specialist first class | Technician fourth grade |
| Pfc, specialist second class | Technician fourth grade |
| Private, specialist second class | Technician fourth grade |
| Pfc, specialist third class | Technician fourth grade |
| Private, specialist third class | Technician fifth grade |
| Pfc, specialist fourth class | Technician fifth grade |
| Private, specialist fourth class | Technician fifth grade |
| Pfc, specialist fifth class | Private first class |
| Private, specialist fifth class | Private |
| Pfc, specialist sixth class | Private first class |
| Private, specialist sixth class | Private |

## Infantry Training

The 80,000 men who have been transferred from the Air Forces (55,000) and the Service Forces (25,000) to the Infantry are now taking an extensive six-week Infantry course at four training centers. Training includes instruction in the use of all Infantry weapons and in squad and patrol tactics. Noncoms of the first three grades will receive an additional six-week course to qualify them to hold their rank in the Infantry. The training centers are at Camps Howze and Maxie, Tex.; Camp Livingston, La., and Camp Gordon, Ga.

## Location of Armies

The War Department has announced distribution of American armies as follows: First Army, France; Second Army, Memphis, Tenn.; Third Army, France; Fourth Army, Texas; Fifth Army, Italy; Sixth Army, Philippines; Seventh Army, France; Eighth Army, Philippines; Ninth Army, France.

## Second Lieutenants

Deserving second lieutenants may now be promoted to first lieutenancy without waiting for an authorized vacancy. A new WD policy makes that advancement possible for any second lieutenant who has been 18 months or longer in that grade and is qualified. The new policy will not be used for automatic promotion but will be reserved for the benefit of those who [illegible] fleet or a [illegible] to pfc under [illegible] circumstances.

## New Weapon Case

U. S. paratroopers will carry their rifles, carbines or sub-machine guns in a new weapon case made of OD canvas and webbing. It buckles onto the parachute harness to leave the paratrooper's hands free and is padded with felt in case the descender lights on top of his weapon. The new item won't be issued until stocks of the present type are used up.

## New Shoulder Pad

A new shoulder pad of felt, canvas and webbing to ease the aching backs of load-toting soldiers has been put into production by the Quartermaster Corps. Although the pad is specifically designed for use with a packboard, it may be used to relieve shoulder discomfort for any load.

## Canned Hamburgers

Canned hamburgers are the latest addition to the American soldiers' field diet. Packed two to a can, the burgers are salted and peppered, have a charcoal-broiled flavor and can be eaten cold if necessary. The hamburger will be included in the 10-in-1 ration package.

## WAC Diet

Studies of WAC nutrition requirements have revealed that a woman soldier needs a lot less food than a male soldier. As a result, WAC menus have been trimmed down at an annual saving to the WD of $2,700,000. Other facts disclosed regarding Wac eating habits: They don't like potatoes fried but will eat them prepared otherwise; their between-meal snacks average 350 calories a day; they drink 25 percent less coffee, eat 25 percent less pastry and 50 percent less dry cereal than the average soldier.

## Top Navy Pilots

The following Navy fighter pilots, according to the latest Navy Department lists, have destroyed 16 or more enemy planes:

Comdr. David McCampbell, Air Group 15 . . 34 planes
Lt. Cecil E. Harris, Fighting 18 . . . . . 24 planes
Lt. Alexander Vraciu, Fighting 19 . . . . . 19 planes
Lt. Comdr. George C. Duncan, Fighting 15 . . 18½ planes
Lt. Ira Kepford, Fighting 17 . . . . . 16 planes
Lt. (jg) Douglas Baker (missing in action), Fighting 20 . . . . . 16 planes
Comdr. James H. Flatley, Fighting 42 and Fighting 10 . . . . . 16 planes

**WAC TECHNICIANS** on duty in hospitals have been issued this new short-sleeved dress of rose-beige cotton print to replace their present blue cotton-crepe uniform. The dress is tailored in one piece, fastens down the front with buttons and has a buttoned belt. Each enlisted Wac gets nine of the dresses. They are not worn by WAC officers.

## Call for Nurses

In a recent radio broadcast Maj. Gen. Paul R. Hawley, chief surgeon of the ETO, sent out an appeal to 27,000 registered nurses still in civil life to join the Army Nurse Corps to relieve a present acute shortage of nurses in that theater. The general said that 1,000-bed hospitals are averaging 1,300 patients each and that, instead of 120 nurses as originally prescribed for each such general hospital, only 74 nurses per hospital could be obtained.

## GI Shop Talk

The first group of Negro Wacs being trained for overseas duty is a postal battalion composed of volunteers. . . . For the first time in this war, 150 General Sherman tanks were shipped overseas to the front lines at one time and as a single high-priority cargo. The tanks are now in action in Germany. . . . The Army is now buying rope manufactured in the U. S. from henequen fiber imported from Mexico. . . . The increasing need for scout and messenger dogs and new developments in mechanical mine detectors have caused the Quartermaster Corps to suspend the training of additional dogs for mine detection. . . . A language guide to Tagalog, the official language of the Philippines, and a pocket guide to the Hawaiian Islands are the latest educational pamphlets issued by the ASF. . . . Rain and high humidity prevailing over the South Pacific area have caused the QMC to provide another waterproof wrapper for K rations destined for that area. . . . A Negro Quartermaster company of the Thirteenth Air Force completed a million truck miles without a major accident in 18 months of operation overseas. . . . Headquarters of the Southeast Asia Command in Ceylon has GIs from every state in the Union except Arizona, Delaware, New Hampshire and Vermont.

## INFORMATION ON STATE ELECTIONS

| State | Date of Election | Officers to be voted for | The earliest date state will receive soldier's application for absentee ballot | The earliest date state will mail absentee ballot to soldier | Date on or before which soldier's executed absentee ballot must be received back by appropriate officials within state in order for it to be counted. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| MICHIGAN (General Election) | April 2 | Superintendent of Public Instruction; member of the State Board of Education; State Highway Commissioner; certain Supreme Court justices; regents of the University of Michigan; members of the State Board of Agriculture, and local officers. | At any time | March 1 | April 2 |
| WISCONSIN (General Election) | April 3 | State Superintendent of Schools; justice of the Supreme Court; certain judicial officers and municipal officers; County Superintendent of Schools. | February 2 | March 20 | April 3 |

ILLINOIS. Primary elections of county officers will be held in certain counties in Illinois on April 10.

SOUTH DAKOTA. Township elections in South Dakota will be held on March 6, and municipal elections will be held in South Dakota on April 17.

(General instructions and information as to voting procedures in 1945 elections are contained in *WD Cir. No. 487, 1944.*)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India-Burma and China: Sgt. Paul Johnston, AAF; Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Sig. Corps; Cpl. Jud Cook, DEML; Sgt. Dave Richardson, CA; Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Sgt. Walter Peters, QM.

Alaska: Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF; Cpl. John Haverstick, CA.

Iran-Iraq: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.

Panama: Cpl. Richard Douglass, Med.

Puerto Rico: Sgt. Don Cooke, FA; Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Middle East: Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps.

Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

French West Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbot, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

Navy: Donald Nugent Sic.

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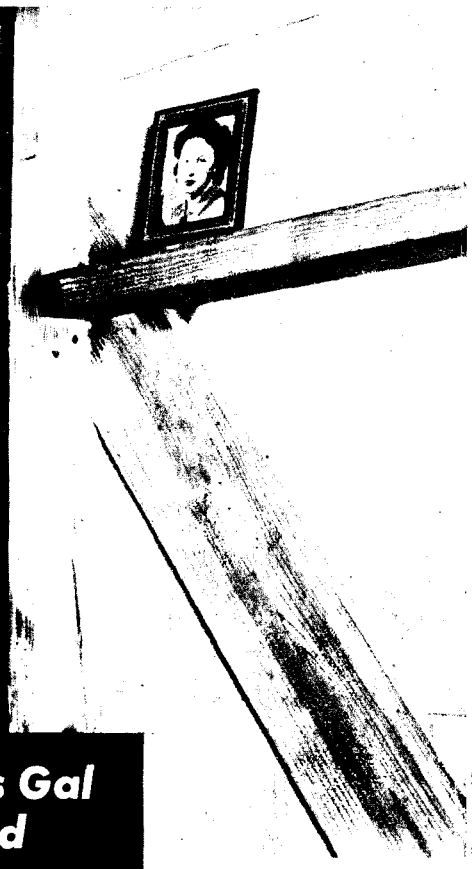

**THE GI WAY.** Navy men temporarily attached to the 1857th Service Unit, Fort Sam Houston, Tex., are given a lesson in Army housekeeping. Here Pvt. David Rennick (left) shows Clifford Dixon Sp(T)1c the secret of the hospital fold.

# Returnee Awaits Gal He Left Behind

**AAF Redistribution Station, Richmond, Va.**—S/Sgt. Paul D. Elko of Mahanoy City, Pa., is a rare collector's item who, after 2½ years' duty with the Eighth Air Force in England, didn't want to come home.

It all started while Elko was leaning against the railing along the boardwalk in Blackpool, England, absently observing an old crone eating hard-boiled eggs from a paper bag. Nearby stood a girl.

"The old lady," he recalls, "took one egg after another from the bag. After she'd eaten four, I turned to the girl and said, 'Chow hound!' "

The girl, who turned out to be a Miss Delia Carney, laughed and murmured an agreeable "Yes." She said "Yes" later when Elko asked her to marry him, but just as the nuptials were about to come off the Army tapped Elko on the shoulder and said, "Fella, we're sending you home."

"You can't do that," said Elko. "I'm gonna get married!"

The Army was sympathetic, but the time was too short for anything to be done.

Back here, the only solace the sergeant received from immigration authorities was a stony "That's tough." Miss Carney will have to come in under the regular Irish quota. Meanwhile the sad sergeant puts in every spare moment studying the immigration laws.

## All-Purpose Musician

**Farragut USNTC, Idaho**—Joe E. Ray Mus3c, who works in the instrument-repair shop here, is one of the few men in the country who can make a complete clarinet.

Ray became interested in the manufacture and repair of musical instruments in civilian life after he had taught public-school music and played with the Denver Symphony and the Denver Municipal Band. He learned to make clarinets the hard way—by visiting a factory and observing and memorizing the procedure used. A clarinet has about 135 parts, and Ray can turn one out in about a week. The grenidella wood used is imported from Africa or South America.

Here Ray repairs all kinds of instruments but drums. A good instrument-repairman, he says, has to be a carpenter, machinist, toolmaker, jeweler and metalsmith. Asked whether the clarinet was the most difficult to repair, he held up another instrument.

"This," he explained, "is an oboe. It has 400 parts."

—CHARLES E. BARNHART 52c

### LOOSE LIPS AT THE SWITCHBOARD

**Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.**—A GI on CQ called the telephone exchange to ask the time.

"I'm sorry," said the operator, "but we're not permitted to tell the time."

"Well," said the CQ, "sooner or later I'll have to know, and who can I call?"

"At 5 o'clock the Western Union office will be open, and you may call there for the time," was the answer.

"Fine," said the GI, "but how will I know when it's 5 o'clock?"

"Why, that will be in an hour and a half," said the Hello Girl.

### SHORT ORDERS, GI STYLE

**Mitchel Field, N. Y.**—A restaurant in nearby Hempstead has streamlined its order system to attract air-minded GIs from this field. A small microphone allows the waiter to page the kitchen and call: "Counter commander to range officer. Counter commander to range officer. Fry two with ham, over. Are you receiving?" Back from the kitchen comes a filtered voice: "Roger. Request counter commander pick up orders of steak. You may come in."

—S/Sgt. BERT BRILLER

## This Custer Came Through

**Fort Riley, Kans.**—Pfc. Raymond R. Custer of the H & S Troop, 30th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, is no relation to the famous Indian fighter, but as a Kraut fighter he has had his own share of experiences in this war.

Custer, whose home is in North Hollywood, Calif., went through the North African campaign, landed in Naples shortly after the city had fallen and was on the Anzio beachhead. After the breakthrough dash for Rome, he helped chase the Germans as far north as Leghorn before he was sent home on rotation.

As driver of a six-by-six truck hauling ammunition, gas and supplies to the front, Custer knew what it was to drive with one eye on the road and the other on the sky looking for the *Luftwaffe*. "Yeah," he says, "we were either strafed from the air or were under artillery fire nearly every time, but the closest I came to not being here was when a bomb hit just close enough to my truck to blow six tires right off the wheels."

## What's in a Name, Joe?

**Atlantic City, N. J.**—T/Sgt. Joe Hollywood, a B-24 engineer-gunner, didn't have the usual trouble over his name while he was in England because he stayed out of hotels, but now that he's back in the States, awaiting reassignment at AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, it has cropped up again.

"I go into a hotel and register as Joe Hollywood," he says, "and right away I'm given the raised eyebrows and the down-the-nose look. Sometimes the clerk's a wise guy who shoots the sarcastic glad hand with 'How-de-do, I'm Pete Pittsburgh.' "

Dog tags, passes, draft card, driver's license, letters from home—none of them do any good. People still suspect him of using a phony name as a blind for looting hotel towels or maybe something more. So Joe Hollywood silently suffers through roll calls and answers "No" to the inevitable question. For he has never been to Hollywood.

## Colors of His Lady Fair

**Tyndall Field, Fla.**—From now on M/Sgt. Curtis Bull will turn on the lights when he gets dressed in the middle of the night. He's an MP, and he was awakened in the wee small hours one morning to go to a Panama City hotel on an emergency call. To avoid disturbing his wife, he dressed in the dark and dashed off to his duty.

Bull noticed a few people snickering as he went into the lobby, but he was concentrating on his problem and ignored them until the snickers turned to guffaws. Investigating, he discovered what amused them.

Neatly caught in his holster and waving gently in the breeze was one of Mrs. Bull's stockings.

**NEW TECHNIQUE.** Robert McMillin, son of Pfc. Marie McMillin, world's champion woman parachute jumper, shows his mother how to put on the Merchant Marine's style of chute at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

**COMPETITION.** Cpl. Don H. Gerber, Golden Gloves representative at the Eagle Pass AAF, Tex., never



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# CAMP NEWS

## Vet of Two World Wars In the Army 28 Years

**Camp Butner, N. C.**—M/Sgt. Francis X. Falvey, 48-year-old veteran of two wars, is believed to be the most decorated soldier ever to pass through the Army Ground and Service Forces Redistribution Station here. His story covers 28 years of Army life, many seas and many countries.

Falvey's good left arm bears his master-sergeant stripes, nine hash marks, six overseas chevrons from the first World War and six overseas chevrons from this war. Through the left shoulder strap of his blouse, he wears a *fourragère* presented to him by Field Marshal Foch, on orders of the French Army, for service in the last war. On the *fourragère* is the star and the Indian head of Falvey's division in that war and a Signal Corps insignia with the large "1" indicating that he was a member of the 1st Signal Corps Battalion whose service in France is remembered by many first World War doughboys.

His chest is loaded with ribbons and decorations. In the order in which they were received, they are as follows: Mexican Border (1916); Mexico (1916); Victory Medal (first World War) with five battle clasps for Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Argonne-Meuse, Mt. Blanc, Champlain and Mt. Blanc Ridge; Silver Star for heroism under fire in the first World War; Army of Occupation (Germany 1918-23); Good Conduct; American Defense; Asiatic-Pacific with one star (Papuan Campaign).

Falvey enlisted in March 1916 in York, Pa., his home town. He served in the Mexican Border campaign and the Villa Punitive Expedition into Mexico before the last war, and when war was declared in 1917 he was shipped to England and then to France. After the Armistice, Falvey served in Germany until 1922, when he returned to the States. Electing to remain in the Army, he has seen service at more camps than he can remember. On Pearl Harbor Day Falvey was at Fort Howard, Md. Not long afterward he was sent to Fort Dix, N. J., and from there shipped overseas for the second time.

"We left from New York," he recalls, "and ended up in the Southwest Pacific after a boat trip of 43 days that took us by the Fiji Islands and Bora Bora. We landed in Auckland, New Zealand, and then went to Melbourne, Australia, where we trained for the fighting we got in New Guinea. From Melbourne, I was sent to Sydney, Townsville and other Australian towns before we finally got into New Guinea."

Falvey plans to stay in the service for his full 30 years. "If the war still is on when I get ready to go up for retirement, the Army will keep me anyway," he says but doesn't seem to be bothered by that fact. He admits he had a better time in France last time than he had in the Southwest Pacific.

"There's one thing about the boys in this war," he says. "They are better trained than their dads were in 1917-18. They strictly are all right by me."

Right now the sergeant's only worry is how to find room to put a shoulder patch on his left sleeve, if and when he must start wearing one.

—Sgt. JOHN L. PINCKNEY

Maj. Gen. Frederick E. Uhl, Fourth Service Command CG, congratulates Sgt. Gaskin (left) and S/Sgt. Bass

## Bright Ideas Win Extra Stripes for GIs

**Fort McPherson, Ga.**—S/Sgt. Douglas Bass (formerly a buck sergeant) and Sgt. Ralph M. Gaskin (formerly a pfc) are two soldiers who have added stripes by participating in the suggestion program being conducted here.

Bass, assigned to the Military Personnel Branch, offered an idea for combining two sets of inactive files on military personnel, then stored in the attic at post headquarters, with a set on file in the personnel office. One index now serves all three sets, and they are stored in the basement of the building that houses the personnel office. The new location is not only more accessible but also safer, for the attic was in danger of collapsing under the weight of the inactive files.

Gaskin, who works in the utility shop at the station hospital, bucked for his stripes by developing a device for sharpening hypodermic needles. This appliance, small and compact, is suitable for use in hospitals, laboratories and field units where an electric grinder is not available. Two other ideas of Gaskin have been put in effect—metal trash cans on stands placed at intervals all over the post and a film drawer that speeds up the reading of wet X-ray film. Gaskin has also perfected a folding device for bandages.

### THREE-TIME LOSER

**Fort Thomas, Ky.**—S/Sgt. Harold Zimmerman of the Signal Office seems to have set a new record for being absent at the wrong time. Every Wednesday night at the NCO Club a $25 War Bond is given as a prize at the bingo party. Three weeks in a row Zimmerman's name was drawn and he wasn't there.

## Mental Workouts at Van Dorn

**Camp Van Dorn, Miss.**—The camp has climbed on the radio-quiz-show bandwagon with new programs—"Commiseration Please" and "GI-Que."

"Commiseration Please" is a half-hour program wherein station-complement officers attempt to stump a board of four wizards of wit and wisdom. Each question carries a two-bit entrance fee, but the quarters find their way back into the pockets of "pinks" as prizes if the "experts" fail to give the correct answer.

"GI-Que," a 60-minute mental workout for enlisted personnel, gives GIs the opportunity to rise in rank on the stage. They receive a temporary promotion with each correct answer and also gain prizes ranging from cigarettes to toilet articles. For instance, a Wac-T-5 became a "major" for a night and walked off with a handsome bottle of expensive cologne at a recent show.

## AROUND THE CAMPS

**Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.**—This post has Christmas every day—Wac-Pvt. Dorothy Christmas of Miami, Fla.

**Shaw Field, S. C.**—A furloughing trainee telegraphed this plea to his section commander: "Just arrived. Just married. Just leaving. Request three-day extension for honeymoon." His CO replied (collect): "Just received. Just no."

**Mitchel Field, N. Y.**—Pvt. James Chrisiansen, wounded in the Battle of Bastogne and now at the New Cantonment Hospital here, is not one to glorify himself as a paratrooper. "Once we've landed," he says, "we're just overpaid infantry."

**San Marcos AAF, Tex.**—S/Sgt. Herman W. Hughes of Flint, Mich., is a man of definite taste in literature. Asked by the camp's roving reporter for the name of his favorite author, Hughes replied, "The officer who signs that white paper six months after the duration."

**Camp Lee, Va.**—GIs at the Quartermaster School here always take a second look at Wac-Cpl. Shirley M. Curry and swear they have seen the face before. They're right. Cpl. Curry took the part of Buckwheat in "Our Gang" comedies some years back.

**New York POE, N. Y.**—The *Port Times* tells of a T-4 who parked an Army truck outside a dispensary at Port Johnston. When he finished his business the truck was missing. After a long search, it was found in the main processing shop, degassed and about to be shipped.

**Harlingen AAF, Tex.**—Pvt. James H. Dickerson of Section F and his father have perfected a machine that shells oysters in half the time previously required. The device promises to ease the manpower shortage in the Chesapeake section. Dickerson and his father started working on the gadget before he got in the Army, and they already hold two patents.

**McCook AAF, Nebr.**—A postal clerk here was a bit perplexed as to who should receive a heavily scented letter addressed to the "Officer in Charge of Morale." Investigation revealed that the letter was from four young debs living a dull existence at Vassar College. It read: "Four ardent sophisticates simply expiring of ennui would like to correspond with members of the Air Forces in the same boat. Expiringly yours."



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# The Poets Cornered

### POST-WAR PLAN

**GIs occupying post-war Europe may have opportunity to do some traveling.—*News Item.***

I would like to go to Paris
And see the Eiffel Tower.
I'd like to view a church or two;
Improve the shining hour.
For a trip to modern Paris,
Guidebooks say, one shouldn't miss.
But to my mind another kind
Of tourist jaunt is this:

I'd like to see Vienna town,
But not to dance its dances.
And my mental state would likely frown
On Viennese romances.
(Perhaps, if you would rack your brain,
Then you yourself might ken a
Valid reason, very plain,
For visiting Vienna.)

I would like to go to Roma
And see St. Peter's Square.
I understand the things on hand
To see are myriad there.
Yes, a trip to ancient Roma
Is a rubbernecker's must,
But I've a thirst for one trip first
That I will take or bust:

Oh, I'd hie me to Vienna, not
To sway to Strauss' tunes
Nor to feel my blood beat fast and hot
Beneath Danubian moons,
But to take some TNT in hand
(A ton would suit my quirks),
To set it with a time fuse and
Blow up the sausage works!

*France* —Pvt. CHARLES PETERSON

### THE FOXHOLE

Leaning at night on the edge of a foxhole
Left fingers locked in a grenade ring
And the deadly drip-drip of the rainy jungle
Around him, then a man learns to live
Sensing dark forces around him,
And what he is fighting for.
Battling his tired body
To fight for him, staring at the void
From the edge of a foxhole.
Then a man learns to live.

Roused for a graveyard watch by my buddy,
Suddenly bolt awake, I helmeted myself
And gripped the grenade again. My clips
Were all counted, my rifle slept handy.
Sheathed in the sand, the bayonet upright.
Fighting my falling eyelids, the fear
That fires at the flutter of birds' wings,
That makes the tired eyeballs turn in the sockets.
I have cajoled my tired body, held it
By dreams of the world I had once:

Walking the avenues of the university.
White collar open; walking at night
Boldly above ground to a movie,
I stopped for a double-decker ham and cheese
On toast, and coffee, black under glass,
Or tasted the peppery chili, thick peach pie.
At a Greek restaurant, or chewed juicy chicken,
The pulley bone cullied by my wife, or green lettuce
I grew in my garden. I never enjoyed
Better eating; for what I had once,
I have always—no longing that tears the body apart.

When I fought the sleep back long enough
For Honor, I squeezed the shoulder
Of my sleeping buddy; instantly he took helmet,
Turned to his guard—this American, Lithuanian,
Catholic, American of an alien state.
Brothers against the bestial dark, and secure
In my faith in God and my friend, I curled
In the warm wet sand and I thanked God
More truly than ever before for the half-death
Of sleep—the strength against full death.

With the first white of dawn, he gripped me.
Together we rose to the rifles and waited.
Night the Japs would come from the
Swarming death-rush, our right to travel
Ten thousand miles of blue water
To break evil. But the dawn
Turned flaring yellow. Delivered from fear,
We lighted our cigarettes off one match:
No mother's cake tasted better—
Heat, and sweet tobacco.
And death still a long way off.

Leaning at night on the edge of a foxhole,
Left fingers locked in a grenade ring,
There a man learns to live.

*New Guinea* —Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

### THE ARMY GOES TO TEA

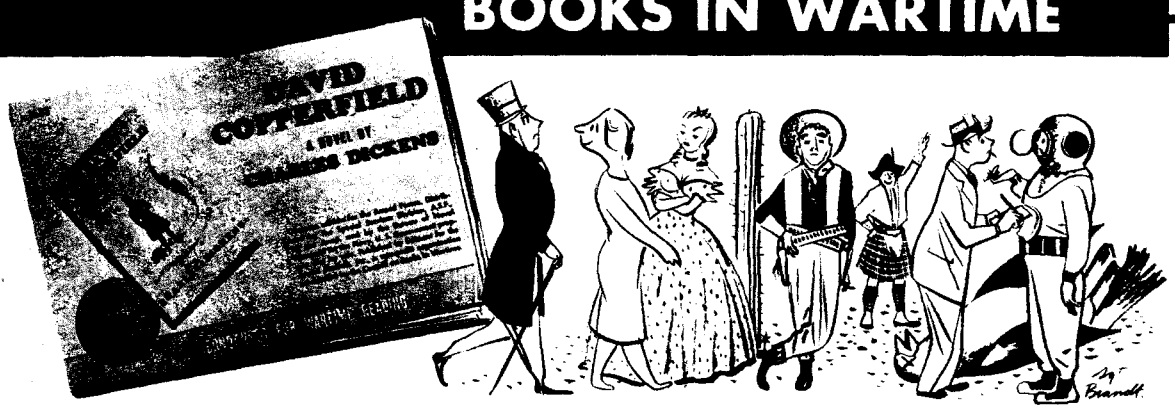
"I should like to see the Captain," said the Colonel to the Wac.
"I'm sorry, sir, he isn't here; but he will soon be back."
"But come, we're going on a flight; the plane, it leaves at three."
"I'm sorry, sir," the Wac replied, "the Captain's out to tea."

The telephone it jingled, and the Wac with voice of cheer
Said, "Colonel Doodle's office, but the Colonel isn't here."
"This is General Snipe," the answer came, "so tell me, where is he?"
"I'm sorry, sir," the Wac replied, "the Colonel's gone to tea."
"I've got to get an order through," the irate Major said.
"If we don't get some rations soon, my men will all be dead!
Please take me to Lt. Snoot, I know my point he'll see."
"I'm sorry, sir, Lt. Snoot has just stepped out to tea."

And so it goes across the world, wherever tea they serve,
This strange civilian custom that the officers observe.
But if you're just a poor GI, you're frowned upon, you see,
If you should try, at four o'clock, to stop your work for tea!

*India* —Pfc. JOAN RIEDINGER

# BOOKS IN WARTIME




THESE are the 32 titles in the 14th or "N" series of the Armed Services Editions, the pocket-sized, paper-bound books published monthly by the Council on Books in Wartime. There are 122,000 copies of each title in the series, an increase of 15,000 copies per title over the preceding series. The Army will receive 93,000 copies of each title, the Navy 25,000 and Americans who are prisoners of war 4,000. The books are distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Naval Personnel for the Navy.

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A series of slightly cock-eyed parodies on nothing in general and everything in particular.

**N-3 AMERICA** *By Stephen Vincent Benet*
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**N-4 THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS** *By Bruce Barton*
A businessman's biography of Christ, which says very little and says it poorly.

**N-5 THE CROCK OF GOLD** *By James Stephens*
A philosophical sort of an Irish fairy tale.

**N-6 SELECTED POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG**
Selected poems of Carl Sandburg.

**N-7 LET YOUR MIND ALONE** *By James Thurber*
An entertaining take-off on the modern plague of self-improvement books.

**N-8 WE POINTED THEM NORTH** *By E. C. Abbot and Helena Huntington Smith*
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Another Western.

**N-10 USELESS COWBOY** *By Alan LeMay*
Another Western.

**N-11 THE FALLEN SPARROW** *By Dorothy B. Hughes*
A murder mystery with a night-club setting.

**N-12 SNOW ABOVE TOWN** *By Donald Hough*
Sprightly story of a family snowbound in Wyoming.

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Classic adventure story of the Scottish Highlands.

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Maugham's interpretation of what he's seen in a long and unusual life. A mental autobiography.

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Another Western.

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Another man's search for the perfect world.

THIS is the girl called The Shape. A few months ago she was just Frances Vorne, 19, a home girl. Although at this writing she has yet to appear on stage or screen, her industrious press agent has succeeded in making The Shape nationally known. She says she won't accept a stage or movie role until she's ready—which may be any minute.

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# PX

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**"At ease, dammit!"**
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

### SATURDAY CQ

In solitary grandeur where he sits,
The charge of quarters in the captain's chair
Head man of all he sees about him is.
(Except that he's the only person there).

Awhile he writes and smokes and tries to sleep,
Then heeds the brazen summons of the phone.
His friends, his foes, his brothers in OD
Have gone on pass and he is all alone.

Gone is the top kick, gone the Old Man, too;
Vanished the techs and loueys; far away
In distant juke-joints privates hold wassail.
But he, the charge of quarters, has to stay.

What twist of fortune is it that decrees
The charge of quarters must a noncom be?
This is one detail that he cannot buck
Down to the private or the pfc.

The men of lower rank and stripeless sleeve
O'er whom he used to lord it through the week
Have taken off; I, too, shall catch the bus,
While you, dear sergeant, lonesome vigil keep.

Oh, how you laughed when my name would appear
For garbage detail, stevedore, KP!
But now, oh Sarge, the worm of chance has turned
And you, for once, are It instead of me.

*Camp Callan, Calif.* —Pfc. RAYMOND E. LEE

### THE AWFUL TRUTH

The kindly night doth mesmerize
Harsh truths into more gracious lies,
And, moon-bewitched, we have made passes
With sweet intent at gruesome lasses.

Yet sabled charm ignobly fails
Where GI scenery prevails,
For squat-shaped hutments ne'er will come
To look like spire or temple dome.
Who dreams of earthly verdance must
Look elsewhere than to drill-field dust,
And it requires great mental force
To sublimate an obstacle course.

Trim as you will day's merciless lamp,
An Army camp's an Army camp.

*Pratt AAF, Kans.* —Pfc. ED KARPF

## Take It, Mike

THE 14 representatives of Filcho-Ball Inc. are taking their seats on the elevated platform overlooking the playing floor. The general sales manager is taking a center seat. He looks alert, confident, sure of himself and of the super pinball machine which in a few moments will be pitted against the champion pinball artist of—.

And here he is! Striding easily through Entrance 2 directly across from the announcer's stand Pfc. Danny Dinkle, the pinball champion of the entire service. And the crowd is giving him a *tremendous* ovation! . . . Now he's slipping off his special crimson field jacket. He bows slightly to the audience, exchanges a few words with S/Sgt. Joe Burch, his manager. Sgt. Burch is massaging those hands. . . . Dinkle turns now and faces the glistening machine. And here comes the mayor; that applause is in honor of the mayor, who is bringing the newly minted nickel for this championship game.

As you know, friends of the radio audience, tonight's main event at the Marble Bowl pits Impossi-Ball, touted by Filcho-Ball Inc. as the unbeatable coin machine, against the sensational young Danny Dinkle—Pfc. Danny Dinkle rather—who rose on a tide of victory after victory to win the all-service championship last month by running up three free games on—. . . . But now the mayor inserts the nickel, the board lights up, and *the game is on!*

Dinkle pulls back the knob . . . almost carelessly, it seems. . . . *There goes the first ball!* It looks good. Hundreds of field glasses are trained on that silver ball bearing. . . . It's got the Two. It misses the Three. It's got the Four. It's pausing, spinning. . . . Dinkle put terrific reverse English on this one! Yes, it's got the Six and Seven! It's bounding up now from the rubber baseboard, aiming toward that 5,000 pin. . . . N-n-n-n-no. It didn't quite make it. Just lacked a hair . . . and the first ball is spent! . . . Twelve-thousand score and four lights put out; a good first ball for Pfc. Dinkle.

He's preparing to push the second ball into playing position now, standing firmly, perfectly at ease, not at all nervous, his wavy blond hair unruffled. . . . He pulls back the knob, *and there goes ball two!* A two-bounce shot off the one pin it is. It gyrates a moment. It's falling toward the purple bumper, which is lit. That means 10,000. . . . No! It hits the rubber guard! It's going out of control. . . . Dinkle is weaving, weaving, tapping the left side of the table. It's gone! A house ball! . . . That was a house ball, ladies and gentlemen, the kind you read about! A tough break for the champ, after a very good first ball; only 3,000 and the Number One pin on his second ball. . . . Yes, that one got away from him, but he still remains calm, his face looking perhaps a little drawn as he pushes up ball three.

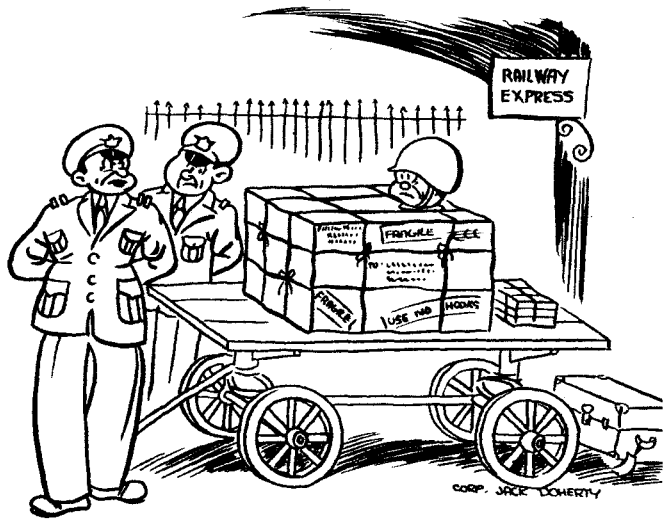
The Filcho-Ball representatives seem to be exchanging remarks. That bad ball was a real break for them. It could mean the game, and if so you can expect to see Impossi-Ball machines in every arcade and drug store and post exchange in the near future.

Dinkle paused there a moment to receive a word of encouragement from Sgt. Burch, And now he's judging. He's ready to shoot. *There it goes!* A spinner on the left side, it looks like from here. . . . A smooth spinning ball, an easy shot off the One, the Two, down to *and it's going through the center roll-over!* It's bouncing gently back and forth at the rubber padded entrance. Those things are tricky. . . . *And it's going through.* . . . Yes! 5, 10, 15,000, and the crowd is going wild! One more hit and the super special will light up. . . . There it is! Super-Special is lit! . . . Danny Dinkle is weaving, weaving, both hands gripping the table. . . . It's a long bounce up to the Special. . . . He shoves the table. . . . *He's got it!*

Listen to that crowd! Listen to them go wild! That shot put Dinkle out in front with a good margin and two more balls remaining. It looks like he has the match sewed up, ladies and gentlemen, sewed up. And while the champ takes time out for a quick rubdown, here's Mike Fillmore who will review for you the match so far. Take it, Mike! . . .

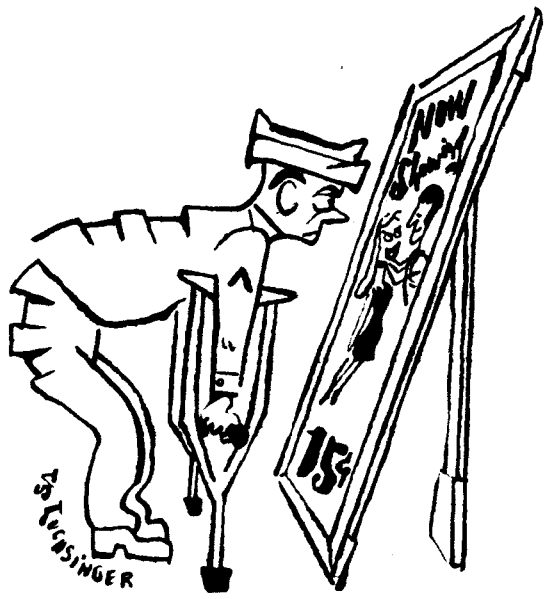
*AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla.* —Cpl. PAUL PERELLA

**"Why don't you two do something Roger can't do at camp?"** —Cpl. Michael Ponce de Leon, AAF ETTC, St. Louis, Mo.




**"Lieutenant, that's not quite the way we ship a man out."** —Cpl. Jack Doherty, Camp Lee, Va.


# GI MOVIE-GOERS!

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—S/Sgt. Charles Luchsinger, ASFTC, Jackson, Miss.




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# Mr. MacPhail, Don't Forget the Old Yankees

WHEN Larry MacPhail and his rich backers, Dan Topping and Del Webb, bought the New York Yankees, people didn't exactly throw their hats over the grandstand and rejoice. They didn't do anything, in fact. They were too stunned. They had known, of course, that for a long time the Yankees were on the block. But they never expected to see the day that MacPhail would replace Ed Barrow as boss of the Yankees.

Barrow himself had frequently said that the only way MacPhail would get the Yankees would be over his dead body. And there was some pretty strong talk that Judge Landis would never approve any sale of the Yankees that had MacPhail involved in it. But Landis passed on and Barrow, under pressure from the Ruppert heirs to sell, finally disposed of the team to the MacPhail syndicate. Another bidder for the Yankees was Tom Yawkey of Boston, whom Barrow secretly hoped would buy the club. But Yawkey's hands were tied. He had to sell his Boston team first and couldn't.

There's no use pretending that the Yankees will ever be the same under Laughing Larry. Barrow and MacPhail are as different as day and night. A sober conservative, Cousin Ed is probably the soundest man in baseball. MacPhail, on the other hand, is a firecracker, always ready to explode with a new stunt to stir the public. MacPhail's style thrilled Brooklyn and Cincinnati, but in dealing with the Yankees' fans, Larry has a clientele of a different mood.

To most Yankee fans, the mere thought of MacPhail in Barrow's driver's seat must be frightening. The Yankees were never accustomed to the spectacular shenanigans or the noisy ballyhoo that Larry peddled in Brooklyn. The Yankees were built of sounder stuff. The word for it is possibly character. They all had it, right down to the bat boy.

The Yankees had something else, too — greatness. They ruled baseball with a big bat. The Ruths, Gehrigs, Meusels, DiMaggios, Dickeys and Kellers were some of the greatest sluggers the game has ever known. Enemy pitchers cracked before them and so did most batting records.

Probably the greatest of all the Yankee team was the 1927 crew, managed by scrawny little Miller Huggins. With Ruth and Gehrig slamming the ball, the Yankees roared through the American League like a tank in a wheatfield. Their attack was known as the "Five O'Clock Lightning," because it was usually at the approach of 5 o'clock and the eighth inning that they started tearing a pitcher apart.

After clinching the pennant on Labor Day, they kept right on pounding. They wanted to win every game, and they nearly did, too. They set an American League record by winning 110 games and losing only 44. Ruth had his biggest year, smashing his own record for home runs by belting 60. Gehrig banged out 47 and topped the team in hitting with a .373 average.

In the World Series that year, the Yankees were opposed by the Pittsburgh Pirates, under Donnie Bush. The Pirates never had a chance. Worst of all, they knew it. The day before the series opened in Pittsburgh, both teams worked out at Forbes Field. The Pirates took the field first. By the time the Yankees appeared, the Pirates had showered and dressed and were in the stands.

Waite Hoyt pitched batting practice for the Yankees, and under Huggins' orders he laid the ball in there straight as a string. The hitting exhibition that followed was terrifying. Ruth stepped in and hit one over the fence in centerfield. Gehrig hit one in the seats in rightfield, Lazzeri hit one against the stands and Meusel hit one over the leftfield fence.

Watching from the stands were Paul and Lloyd Waner, a couple of pretty fair hitters themselves. They actually winced every time Ruth or Gehrig slugged the ball out of sight. Finally Lloyd turned to Paul.

"Hell," he said. "They're sure big guys."

Paul nodded and they walked out together, the rest of the Pittsburgh team following. They had seen enough to know what was in the cards. The Yankees won the series in four straight games.

It's going to be hard to forget great Yankee teams like that. Mr. MacPhail shouldn't forget them, either.

Babe Ruth gets ready to take a swing.

**NEW CATCH.** The Navy, which seems to specialize in football coaches, comes up with another good one in Buff Donelli (right), former boss of Cleveland Rams. Donelli is training at the Sampson (N.Y.) NTC.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

SOME statistics hound in the Chicago White Sox front office has figured that **Sgt. Luke Appling** saved the club 90 dozen baseballs last year by just being in the Army. In 1943, when Luke was slugging for the American League batting title, he fouled off more balls than any two major leaguers combined. Most of them were the over-the-roof variety. . . . **Pfc. Bitsy Grant** has moved to the Philippines with the Fifth Air Force and was recently camped one block away from the home of ex-middleweight champion Ceferino Garcia. . . . One of the athletic instructors at Fort Pierce, Fla., is **George Mitchell CSp,** who knocked out Max Schmeling in the first round at Frankfort, Germany, in 1928, under the name of **Gypsy Daniels**. . . . Jockey **Don Meade** has finally cleared up the mystery of why he is 4-F. He was born with deformed shoulders and can't turn his arms or hands upward. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** has a new APO: Alaska. He's refereeing GI boxing shows there. . . . **Al Schacht** is writing a book on his South Pacific USO tour and plans to call it "GI Had Fun." . . . **Lt. Bernie Jefferson,** Northwestern's great Negro halfback, is back in the States after completing 56 missions in the ETO as a fighter pilot. . . . Whatever became of **Kirby Higbe,** the Dodger pitcher?

*Decorated:* **Maj. Jim Gaffney,** captain of the 1937 Harvard football team, with the Silver Star for gallantry at the Moselle River in France, where he lost his right leg. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Terry Moore,** ex-Cardinal outfielder, to sergeant at Albrook Field, Panama; **Lt. Porter Vaughan,** former Athletics pitcher, to captain at Buckley Field, Colo. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Charley Gehringer,** ex-Detroit second baseman, from St. Mary's (Calif.) Pre-Flight School to the Jacksonville (Fla.) NAS. . . . *Discharged:* **Carroll Bierman,** one of America's leading jockeys, from the Navy with a CDD because of an injured right elbow. . . . *Inducted:* **Manuel Ortiz,** bantamweight boxing champion, into the Army; **Stan Musial,** 1943 NL batting champion, into the Navy; **Ron Northey,** rightfielder of the Phillies, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Danny Litwhiler,** Cardinal outfielder, for the second time because of an old knee injury.

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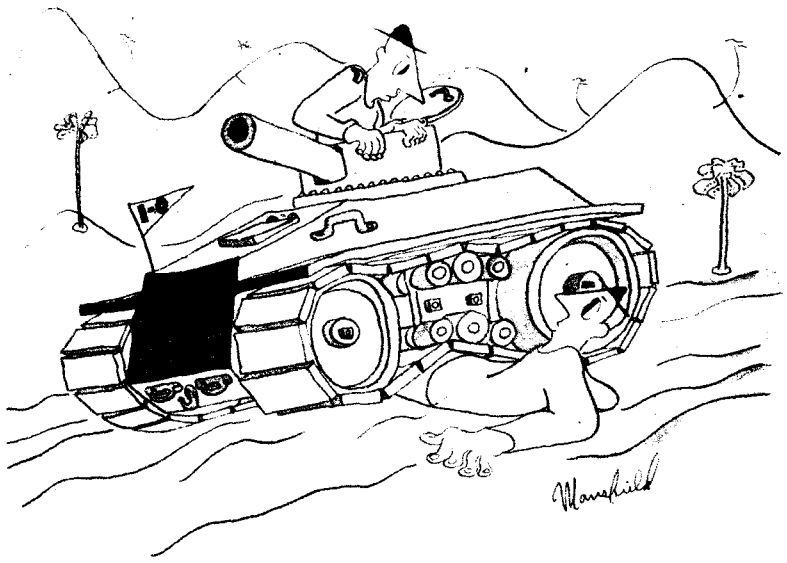

"THINK NOTHING OF IT, SIR. I'M WEARING A TRUSS."
—Pvt. Walter Mansfield

"WHAT DOES THE GI BILL OF RIGHTS SAY ABOUT CASES LIKE THIS?"
—Pvt. Johnny Bryson


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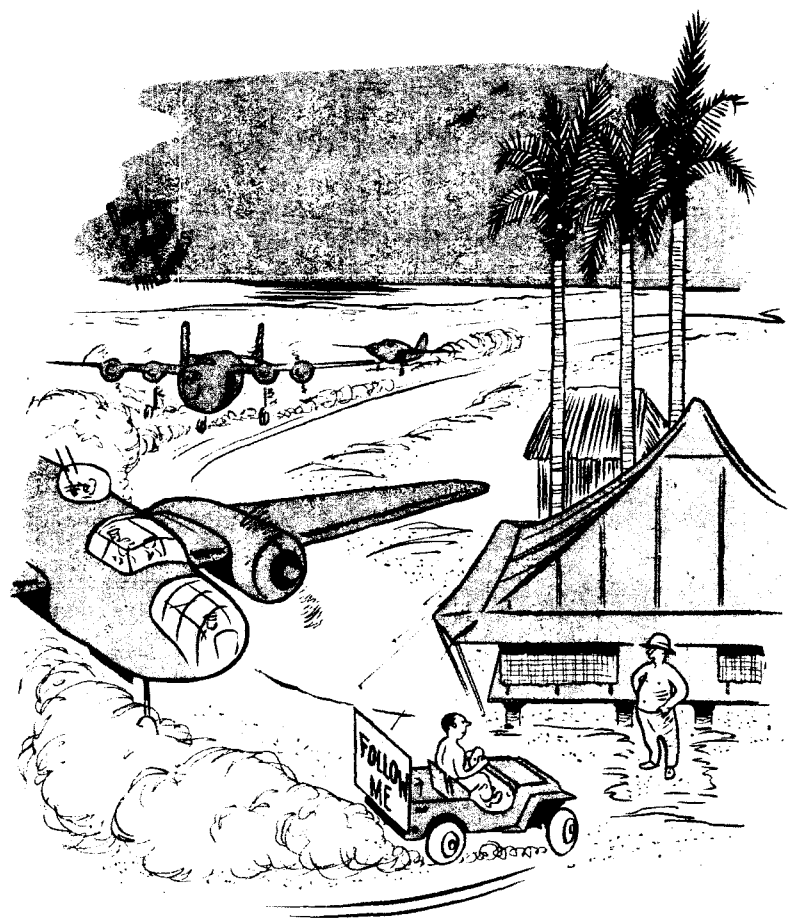
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"I AIN'T IMPERSONATING NOBODY, SIR. IT'S JUST THEM DAMNED CARRIER PIGEONS."
—Cpl. Ralph Newman




"HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO TELL YOU TO TAKE OFF THAT SIGN WHEN YOU COME HOME FROM WORK?"
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt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